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THE LIFE OF DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

VOL. II.

THE

LIFE

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

VOL. II.

——————— Neque,
Si chartæ sileant, quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ,
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
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THE

LIFE

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

CHAP. XXXI.

State of the Theatre in GARRICK's *absence*—COLMAN's *Farce of the* DEUCE IS IN HIM—*Review of that Piece*—*Account of the Characters*—KING *and* MISS POPE *the great Supports of the Piece*—*Its deserved Success.*

September 1763 to June 1764.

THE season, on which we are now to enter, presents a gloomy prospect. The mind of the writer, instead of being invited to proceed with ala-

crity, feels its powers depressed, and almost recoils from the subject. The theatrical hemisphere is overcast; the vivifying rays, that enlivened and adorned the landscape, are for a time withdrawn, and the voice, that made the grove harmonious, is heard no more. To say all in a word, Garrick has abdicated. Yet even in this distress, Drury-Lane could boast a company of performers that would do honour to the present times. Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Abington, then rising into fame, and Miss Pope, in her vernal bloom, were the ornaments of the theatre. The men also presented a respectable list, such as King, Yates, Shuter, and Palmer. Holland was a good and useful tragedian. Altogether they were too strong for their antagonists at Covent-Garden; for Barry was still in Dublin.

In

In December Colman brought out a farce, called, the *Deuce is in Him*, which had been perused by Garrick, before he set out on his travels. The subject was taken from one of Marmontel's Tales, and a story of Madamoiselle Florival, related in the British Magazine. Both are happily wove into one piece. *Emily* is in love with *Colonel Tamper*, and *Florival* with *Major Belford*, whom she knew, when he was wounded at Belleisle, and brought to the house of her father, a physician on the island, for the recovery of his health. He and *Colonel Tamper* are supposed by the two young ladies to be at the Havannah. *Madamoiselle Florival* had entered into a marriage contract with *Belford*, and, being pressed by her father to give her hand to another, she had the spirit to embark for England. To avoid the importunity of lovers, she appears in

man's apparel, and becomes intimately acquainted with *Emily*. To the surprise of both, *Major Belford* arrives, and tells them that *Colonel Tamper* is also in town, but adds a fictitious account of his being dangerously wounded at the Moro castle. This is the contrivance of the *Colonel*, who, being of a jealous temper, is resolved to put *Emily's* sincerity to the test. He pretends to have lost an eye, over which he draws a slip of black satin; and, to disfigure himself still more, he hobbles on a wooden leg. Whether *Emily* loves him in this maimed condition is the point he aims at. She is shocked at the sight of such an object, and shrinks from her engagement. Enraged at her inconstancy, *Tamper* is on the point of a total quarrel, when the *Major* enters, and, to his astonishment, finds his French lady in man's cloaths. An explanation follows,

and,

and, all matters being unravelled, *Belford* marries *Florival,* and *Emily* is persuaded to forgive her lover's absurd jealousy. These circumstances afford a pleasing intricacy, and the plot is well imagined. Interwoven with these characters, we have *Prattle,* an apothecary, who, instead of attending to the case of his patient, runs on with an incessant larum, and chatters, like a magpye, about different things. *Prattle* is a true comic character, manifestly selected from the mass of life. Mr. King played the part with inimitable pleasantry, and Miss Pope in the character of *Emily,* displayed all the graces of an amiable young lady in a delicate situation. In this piece it may be said, that Mr. Colman rose above himself. The farce was greatly applauded, as in truth it deserved, and was for several nights a favourite entertainment.

CHAP. XXXII.

Powell, a young Actor, makes his first Appearance in the Character of Philaster—*He is received with great Applause—His Talents, and natural Powers*—Mrs. Yates *in the Part of* Bellario—Holland *a good and useful Actor*—King, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Abington, *and* Miss Pope, *were the great Comic Performers of the Time—English Operas—A Comedy, called,* The Platonic Wife, *by* Mrs. Griffiths—*It had no Success.*

IN January 1764, a new actor, of the name of Powell, who had been tutored by Garrick in the preceding summer, made his first appearance. In order to shew him to advantage, and not give the critics an opportunity of comparing him with any former actor, the play of *Philaster, or, Love lies a Bleeding*, by Beaumont

mont and Fletcher, was revived with some alterations by Mr. Colman. Powell played *Philaster*, and, on the first night, the seeds of genius broke forth in a conspicuous manner, and the more surprising, as it was universally known that he came on a sudden from the *counting-house of Sir* Robert Ladbrooke. He exchanged the journal and ledger for the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. He served his clerkship, and that was his only education. To poetry he was a total stranger; and yet, uninformed as he was, illiterate, and destitute of all critical knowledge, he was led by the impulse of nature to the profession of an actor. He was tall, and his frame was in just proportion; but the habit of projecting his head forward, gave him the appearance of being high-shouldered. He ought to have frequented a school for grown gentlemen to dance; for,

though he walked the stage with ease, he wanted grace in all his motions. He had, however, other requisites in a high degree. His voice was extensive and harmonious, somewhat like Barry's, but not so powerful. To a warm imagination he added great sensibility. All these advantages were seen in *Philaster*. Mrs. Yates, in the part of *Bellario*, (otherwise *Euphrasia,)* appeared with all the elegance of a fine figure, the most graceful deportment, and every charm of exquisite acting. Powell was considered as a promising genius. He found in young Holland an able coadjutor. This performer, originally a pupil under Garrick, was entirely devoted to his profession. He had his great master constantly in his eye, insomuch, that he was frequently thought a mere copy of the original. He was, upon the whole, a good and useful actor. He

played

played several parts in the same tragedy with his new rival, such as *Pierre* in *Venice Preserved*, *Horatio*, in the *Fair Penitent*, and the difficult character of *Iago*, while Powell shone forth in *Jaffier*, *Lothario*, and *Othello*. Powell also distinguished himself in *Romeo*, and while Garrick and Barry were out of the kingdom, he was the main pillar of Drury-Lane. Mr. Lacy had reason to be satisfied with his own management. He enjoyed a full tide of success, and the season closed at the usual time.

September 1764 to June 1765.

MR. KING, at this time, was the favourite comic actor. Blessed with a most happy, lively, and versatile genius, he was able to enlarge his sphere, and to choose what parts he thought proper. Woodward's absence gave him ample room;

room; and with such powerful assistants as Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and Miss Pope, he shewed himself to great advantage in a variety of characters. Lacy considered Covent Garden as an English Opera house, and the better to resist the strength of that company, procured two or three serious operas, and bestowed upon them the most splendid scenes, and all the decorations of grand machinery. The project did not succeed to his wishes. The several pieces were still-born, and their names need not be recorded.

In January 1765, a new comedy, called *The Platonic Wife*, came forth from the pen of Mrs. Griffiths. This was palpably a misnomer. The title gives the idea of a female character that never existed. Platonic love, so opposite to

to the very ends of matrimony, cannot be supposed to enter the breast of woman. Mrs. Griffiths seems to have been sensible of this in the progress of her plot. Her heroine is so far from being of that pure, refined, and philosophic sect, that she has all the natural passions of a wife, and quarrels with her husband for his neglect of conjugal duties. The play was damned the first night, but the friends of the fair author made it their request that it should have what they called a fair trial. It was, accordingly, repeated, but without any encouragement from the public. Powell and Holland, and the *Platonic Lady*, exerted their powers, and all to no purpose. They laboured through groans and hisses, to which they had not been accustomed, till they obtained a second benefit for Mrs. Griffiths, and then laid down their arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

In April 1765, GARRICK *returns from his Travels—Is in Dread as usual, of Lampoons and of the small Wits—Publishes privately the* SICK MONKEY—*Anecdote of the* DUKE OF PARMA, *while* GARRICK *was in Italy—Another Anecdote of* GARRICK *and* CLAIRON, *the famous French Actress—Anecdote of young* HOLLAND, *the Actor, in Company with* GARRICK *and* MR. KING.

THE theatre still went on with considerable profit, but the public wished for nothing so much as Garrick's return. The general voice was, that he staid too long. They did not, indeed, pray in the words of Horace, but their sentiments were the same. They thought that his presence, like the spring, would give new life

life to every thing; make the days more pleasant, and lend new lustre to the sun:

——— Abes jam nimium diu:
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Lib. IV. Ode 5.

This was the universal prayer of the metropolis. The minds of men were not long held in suspense. Mr. Garrick and his lady arrived in London about the end of April, 1765. The news was announced in the papers, and spread a face of joy through the town. The love of fame was Garrick's ruling passion, even to anxiety. He held the small wits in contempt, and yet lived in fear of them. To use Dr. Johnson's language, "he knew that they had not the "vigour of the bow, but he dreaded the venom "of the shaft." With this impression on his mind,

mind, he found time, amidst the pleasures of the continent, to write a long poem, called *The Sick Monkey*. This was a fable, in which he humbly treats himself as the Monkey, and describes the whole race of animals railing at him and his travels with spleen and bitter malevolence. This piece he sent from Paris, by a secret conveyance, to have it printed, and ready for publication immediately after his arrival. He concluded that his enemies would be at work, and his poem he thought would not only anticipate, but defeat their malice. He might have spared himself all this trouble: Grub-street was silent, and the cities of London and Westminster resounded with joy and congratulation.

An account of his tour through France, Italy, and Germany, will not be expected in this

this place. We have no materials, and if they were in our possession, they would not be of a colour with the present work, which is the history of Garrick in his profession. Two anecdotes may be inserted here with propriety, especially as he used frequently to relate them at his own table.

WHILE he was in Italy, the Duke of Parma requested him to give some specimen of English tragedy. By way of preparation, Garrick told him in part the story of *Macbeth*, and, in particular, the dagger-scene, when he is going to murder his king. The company being thus informed, Garrick displayed his powers in that terrible situation. His words were not understood, but his countenance expressed every sentiment, and every turn of the passions. The tones of his voice were in unison

unison with his feelings, and every body present beheld him with astonishment. The Duke of Parma, and his party, acknowledged that this specimen gave them an idea of Shakespeare's superior genius, and the great excellence of an English actor.

After this, when Garrick arrived at Paris, where he was much caressed, a meeting was concerted, and he and Clairon, the great French actress, were, by invitation, of the party. In the midst of the conversation, Madamoiselle Clairon rose, on a sudden, and displayed her powers in several scenes of Racine and Voltaire. This exhibition of herself gave her a right to call on Garrick. He obeyed her commands. After some preparatory explanation, he started at the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and saw the dagger in *Macbeth*. Not content with

with this, he told the company how he learned to act the madness of *King Lear*. This, as we have already mentioned, was by seeing his friend in Goodman's-fields, who had dropped his child into the area, and, in consequence of that dreadful accident, went out of his senses. Garrick imitated the unfortunate father: he leaned on the back of a chair, played in dalliance with the infant, and on a sudden seemed to let it fall. In that instant, he broke out in lamentations: his looks, expressive of the wildest horror, his broken voice, and dismal outcries, made the deepest impression. Tears gushed from every eye in the room. Clairon expressed her astonishment, and did not hesitate to declare, that with such a performer the English stage must be the spot where terror and pity were the great passions of the drama.

MR. KING has told this writer the following anecdote: He and Holland were in conversation with Garrick in his library. Their subject turned on some occurrences that happened on the continent. In the midst of their discourse, Garrick opened the drawer of a cabinet, and took out a rich snuff-box, given to him as a present by the Duke of Wurtemberg, for the pleasure he had received from the extraordinary specimens of English tragedy. Holland looked at this handsome trinket, and in that blunt manner, for which he was remarkable, said to Garrick, "And so you "went about the continent, mouthing for "snuff-boxes." Garrick knew his pupil, and took no offence.

THE frequenters of the theatre were impatient to see their admired *Roscius* on the stage. But

But after his travels Garrick required some repose. His friends, however, did not allow him to remain in perfect tranquillity. His time was fully employed in receiving and returning visits, and consequently he was not at leisure to resume his functions as a performer. He did not act during the short remainder of the season, which ended, as usual, in the month of June.

CHAP. XXXIV.

DAPHNE *and* AMYNTOR, *a Musical Farce, by* BICKERSTAFF—*A trifling Alteration of the* ORACLE, *which was written by Mrs.* CIBBER—GARRICK *acts by his Majesty's Command—His Prologue on the Occasion.*

September 1765 to June 1766.

EARLY in October, *Daphne and Amintor*, a musical farce, by Bickerstaff, took possession of Drury-lane stage. Little, however, can, with propriety, be said of this piece. It is little more than a slight alteration of the *Oracle*, translated from the French by Mrs. Cibber, and acted on her benefit-night at Covent-garden, in the year 1752. No kind of novelty is added by Bickerstaff, except a few songs, for

for the purpose of calling forth the melodious powers of Miss Wright, who established the piece for a number of nights.

I COME now to matters of higher moment; a new scene is opening, and the prospect is not only pleasing to the writer, but will be equally so to the reader. Garrick is returning to the stage, from which he has been too long absent. Mr. Lacy, indeed, had managed with success; but the genius, that gave life and animation to the drama, was during the whole time regretted by the public. The sun seemed to be rising after a long and tedious night. On the 14th of November, 1765, his majesty, after opening the session of parliament, commanded for his evening entertainment, the comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. This called forth *Roscius* from his retreat. He came prepared

with an address to the audience, written in a stile of great modesty, and seeming diffidence. As soon as he appeared, the house thundered about his ears; applause, and acclamations of joy, resounded from every quarter. He remained silent for some time. When the tumult subsided, he spoke his introductory lines *, which began as follows:

With doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
Once more to face this awful court I come:
Lest *Benedick* should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself appear:
I'm told (what flatt'ry to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me, nay, have press'd it too.

He then goes on in a pleasant vein, talking slightly of himself, and adds,

'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod:

* See the Appendix, No. XIV.

A very

A very nine-pin all my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you!
In four and twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

He proceeds to take liberties with himself, and concludes as follows;

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars,
Though past the service, may the young ones teach
To march, present, to fire, and mount the breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest;
'Tis for my king, and, zounds! I'll do my best,

Whether he knew that *Vida*, in a beautiful ode, has the same allusion, I cannot say; if he did, he has expanded the thought into all its circumstances. *Vida's* lines are much shorter.

Quid? qui ruenti non semel obstitit
Hosti, ut trementem destituit vigor,
Sedet sacramento solutus,
Et pueris sua facta narrat.

NOTWITHSTANDING this humble account of himself, it was found in the progress of the play, that he still retained all his native fire, and all the turns of his comic genius. He continued, after that night, to gratify his admirers in his principal characters, acting with unremitting vigour three or four times in every week.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

WYCHERLEY'S *Comedy of* THE PLAIN DEALER, *altered by* BICKERSTAFF, *and rather mangled*—DRYDEN'S *Opinion of the original Play*—WYCHERLEY *not to be improved by such a Writer as* BICKERSTAFF—*The* CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE, *a Comedy, written by* GARRICK *and* COLMAN—*Account of the Characters and the Plot*—LORD OGLEBY *the principal Character*—*The Production of* GARRICK—*Will not act the Part himself*—*Applies to* KING, *who is for some Time reluctant*—GARRICK *acts the Part in private with him*—KING *does not catch* GARRICK'S *Manner*—*Goes through it at a private Rehearsal in his own Style*—GARRICK *approves*—*The Comedy is soon after acted*—KING *highly applauded*—*His Fame raised to the highest Pitch, and continues to this Day*—*The Merit of the Play*—*The Plot well managed*—*It met with great Applause.*

SOON after Christmas, Bickerstaff came forward with Wycherley's comedy of the *Plain Dealer*, altered by himself. Of the original

original play Dryden says, " It is the boldest, " most general, and most useful satire, that " ever was presented on the English stage." The judgement of so eminent a man ought to have made Bickerstaff pause, and, indeed, desist from his attempt. Had he employed his diligence to expunge lascivious wit, and the indecencies that were the fashion in the reign of Charles II, his labours might have been of some use: but when he took upon him to mutilate the plot, and mangle the principal character, we cannot help saying, that he was guilty of bold and rash presumption. Could he suppose, that we had not rather hear Wycherley tell his own story, than have it at second hand from him? Mr. Garrick ought to have told him, that a picture, drawn and coloured by the hand of a great master, ought not to be touched by a vain

vain pretender to the art. *Manum de Tabula* would have been the proper advice.

We come now to the joint production of Garrick and Colman, who were the Beaumont and Fletcher of the day. They had concerted their plan before the former set off on his travels, and continued, during their separation, to work at the piece, each attending to the scenes and characters, which he chose to cultivate. In the summer 1765, they examined their different labours, and, after various consultations, moulded the whole into its present state. In February 1766, they presented their offspring to the public, introduced by an excellent prologue *, written by Garrick. The play has been so often repeated, and, of course, is so universally known, that an analysis, or a

* See Appendix, No. XV.

regular

regular criticism will not be expected. A summary view will be sufficient. The scene lies at the country-house of Sterling, a merchant, of whom it is said that he never will forget Blackfriars and Whitechapel manners. He has two daughters, the eldest contracted to *Sir John Melvil*, and *Fanny* joined in a *Clandestine Marriage* with *Lovewell*, who is employed in the merchant's counting-house, both afraid of disclosing their secret; *Lord Ogleby*, uncle to *Sir John*, arrives with his nephew, to be present at his marriage with *Miss Sterling*, the eldest daughter, and the favourite of her aunt, *Mrs. Heidelberg*, the widow of a Dutch merchant. The duplicity of *Sir John Melvil*, who falls in love with *Fanny*, and wishes to break off with the eldest sister, occasions various perplexities in the fable. *Fanny* is advised by her clandestine

destine husband to disclose the secret to *Lord Ogleby*. For that purpose, she has an interview, but her timidity is such, that she speaks in short hints, too dark to be understood, but which the gay and lively Lord interprets in his own favour. His vanity is flattered, and, notwithstanding his infirmities, he resolves to marry her. In this state of the business, *Sir John Melvil* applies to his uncle for his interest with *Fanny*, with whom he is deeply enamoured. In this manner all are involved in difficulties, till after a variety of turns and counter-turns, the grand secret of *Fanny's* marriage is discovered. *Lord Ogleby*, though disappointed, has the generosity to plead in favour of the bride, and his goodness of heart reconciles the family to her and *Lovewell*.

GARRICK was such a master of the dramatic art, that we may ascribe to him the structure of the plot. The characters are copied from life, and the dialogue is neat and terse, but never rises to comic humour, except when *Lord Ogleby* breaks out in his pleasant vein. He is a battered rake, still willing to fancy himself in the vigour of youth; a man of high honour, and generosity.

GARRICK was the limner, and, for some time, intended to act the part himself; but having declared, on his return from his travels, his fixed resolution to undertake no character in any new play, he thought himself bound to adhere to that rule even in his own piece. In that situation he turned his thoughts to Mr. King. That gentleman recoiled from the undertaking.

dertaking. Garrick still pressed it upon him, and took several opportunities to act the part in private, hoping that King would comprehend his idea of the character, and also catch from him the manner of executing it. He then fixed a day for a secret rehearsal in his library. King attended, and still, with many apologies, expressed his desire to relinquish the part. But all was in vain: He complied with the manager's request, and, in his own way, went through the whole. As soon as he finished, Garrick said, "Now, Mr. King, I "am perfectly satisfied; you have followed "your own conception, and have struck out a "manner that becomes you better, than if "you had imitated me. The audience would "have traced you treading in my steps, "whereas at present your idea is original; it "becomes you, and I, therefore, beg you will "persevere."

" persevere." King followed his advice, and performed with such ability, that it may be truly said, he carried the play on his own shoulders. It is a just remark, that several eminent actors, besides their general merit, made some favourite part their own, out of the reach of any competitor. Quin engrossed *Sir John Falstaff*; Garrick could boast of several both in tragedy and comedy; Barry made *Othello* his own exclusive property, and, in like manner, King appropriated *Lord Ogleby* to himself, in such a superior manner, that he has ever since kept possession, without a rival, to the present hour.

Mr. Love was, at this time, the *Falstaff* of the day. His friend, Dr. Kenrick, gave him, for his benefit-night, a play, called *Falstaff's Wedding*, written in imitation of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare. Love, though a good and useful actor, was not equal to the task. Garrick had said, in one of his prologues *, when Quin was retired from the stage,

> But should you call for *Falstaff*, where to find him?
> He's gone, nor left one cup of sack behind him.

This was, undoubtedly, a true observation; but whether Dr. Kenrick's piece failed for want of a performer able to support it, or from any defect of its own, I am not able to say. A sensible writer has said of it, "Whenever Shakespeare's *Falstaff* is forgotten, "Dr. Kenrick's imitation may be received on "the stage."

* See Appendix, No. XI.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Death of Mrs. Cibber, *30th January, 1766—*Garrick *laments her Loss—Death of* Quin, *in March following—*Garrick's *Sorrow—He composes* Quin's *Epitaph, which is engraved on his Monument, in the Abbey-Church at Bath—*Garrick's *Eulogium on* Quin *and* Mrs. Cibber, *in his Prologue to the* Clandestine Marriage—Wycherley's *Comedy of* The Country Wife, *altered by* Garrick, *and called* The Country Girl—*That Way of Treating good Old Authors censured—A Farce, called* Neck or Nothing, *from a French Piece of* Monsieur Le Sage—Cymon, *a Dramatic Fable—The Orders of Chivalry walk in Procession—*The Earl of Warwick, *a Tragedy from* Monsieur La Harpe, *by* Dr. Franklin—Mrs. Yates *most excellent in the Character of* Margaret of Anjou—*A Violation of True History adopted by* Dr. Franklin *from the French Author, and censured.*

September 1766, to June 1767.

TWO events happened in the course of the year 1766, which ought not to be passed by in silence. The first was the death of Mrs. Cibber, who departed

departed this life on the 30th of January, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. On the news of her decease, Garrick emphatically said, "Barry and I still remain, "but tragedy is dead on one side." The second melancholy occurrence was the final exit of *Quin, who paid his* debt to nature in the month of March. Garrick had always a great regard for Quin. While the latter remained on the stage, the jealousy of rivals might occasion some reserve; but after that period, they both lived on terms of intimacy and real friendship. Garrick expressed an unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a man, whom he esteemed, and wrote the following epitaph, which is engraved on a monument in the Abbey-church at Bath.

That tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more.

Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
Cold is that hand, which living, was stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN:—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
"To this complexion you must come at last."

NOT content with this tribute to the memory of a man, whom he esteemed, Garrick spoke a most handsome funeral eulogium on him and Mrs. Cibber, at the close of his prologue to the *Clandestine Marriage* *.

WE return from this digression to the business of the stage. The authors, at this period, were no longer content to revive good old plays with some necessary alterations; they went a step further; their ambition aspired so high, that numbers thought their

* See Appendix, No. XV.

genius

genius would be better employed in raising a new superstructure on the foundation of a good old comedy, rather than submit to exercise their diligence in retouching the works of their predecessors, in order to make them fit for representation. This rage grew into fashion. Garrick caught the epidemic phrenzy, and early in October presented the *Country Girl*, patched up with materials taken from Wycherley's *Country Wife*, a play of great value, and no way inferior to *The Plain Dealer*. That Garrick should forget his veneration for the best writers of the last century, is not a little surprising. Could he imagine that such an author as Wycherley ought to be superseded, and that his best plays were to be consigned to oblivion? The attempt does no honour to his memory. If the pruning-knife had been applied to retrench superfluities, and

discard licentious wit, the public would have had reason to thank him. The alteration had some success. The manager had it in his power to repeat it as often as he pleased, and his own patronage was sufficient to keep the piece alive for some time.

A FARCE, called *Neck or Nothing*, was acted in December. Of this piece it will be sufficient to say, that it is little more than a translation of *Crispin Rival de son Maitre*, by the celebrated Monsieur Le Sage. It was followed, soon after Christmas, by *Cymon*, a dramatic romance. When we have said, that the orders of chivalry walked in procession, and that the music, scenes, and decorations, were superb, we shall have stated the whole merit of this extraordinary performance. Being the manager's production, it was cherished by his

his care, and to that was indebted for consderable success.

THE public expectation was raised to a great pitch by the promise of a tragedy from the pen of Dr. Franklin. From him, who studied in the Athenian school, and translated Sophocles, the critics hoped to see a performance highly finished. The Doctor, however, lost sight of his Greek masters, and chose to put himself in the trammels of Monsieur de la Harpe, at that time a new writer at Paris, and much favoured by Voltaire. From that young poet Dr. Franklin borrowed his play, without so much as acknowledging the obligation. In fact, he gave a close copy of the original, which was called, *Le Compte de Warwick*. In a foreign country, the privilege, which poets often take of departing from

the strict truth of history, might be allowed. La Harpe thought himself at liberty to make innovations in the History of England, but his translator should not have been led into such an error. He should have considered that he was writing for an audience well acquainted with the annals of their country; and yet, guided by a Frenchman, he thought proper to falsify a fact universally known. It has been well observed, "That the famous "Earl of Warwick, the raiser up and puller "down of kings, as Shakespeare stiles him, "died in the battle of Barnet, fighting for "King Henry VI. against Edward IV. The "fact is well known, as that Richard III. "was killed in Bosworth-field." And yet, for the sake of what might be thought at Paris a more affecting catastrophe, that event is entirely altered, and in the English play we

we find it imported as a novelty from France. The play was acted early in January 1767, and the parts of *Edward IV.* and the *Earl of Warwick*, were well supported by Powell and Holland; but Mrs. Yates, in the character of *Margaret of Anjou*, was the bright ornament of the piece. Her mind was in constant agitation, hurried away by the violence of rage, of fierce resentment, pride, and indignation. In that conflict of passions, Mrs. Yates displayed her powers with wonderful energy, and in her deportment there was so much grace and dignity, that she eclipsed all competition. The play, with such advantages, had a run of ten nights, and then fell, as it seems, to rise no more.

Of Dr. Franklin I have spoke with reserve, for I war not with the dead. That gentleman thought

thought fit, in Easter term, 1761, to take a violent step in the Court of King's Bench, which occasioned the following lines from Mr. Garrick.

To the Author of THE ORPHAN OF CHINA.

Upon the Rev. Dr. Franklin's *swearing the Peace against him.*

Had you been damn'd, good Franklin had been easy,
Nor had the Law and Gospel join'd to teaze ye.
But fame like yours no Christian soul can bear;
But fame like yours will make a parson swear.
Yet still, for all his oaths, the priest is sore,
Nor will enjoy the peace for which he swore,
Unless he bound you too ——— to write no more.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE ENGLISH MERCHANT, *a Comedy, by* Mr. COLMAN, *taken from* L'ECOSSAISE *of* VOLTAIRE—*Account of* VOLTAIRE'S *Play*—VOLTAIRE *called his Play a Translation from* JOHN HOME, *the Author of* DOUGLAS—*His Reason for so doing*—GARRICK'S *Opinion of* COLMAN'S *Piece*—*Makes a Propofal to* COLMAN *about the Charge on the Author's Night*—*The Proposal rejected, and* COLMAN *had Reason to repent of his Obstinacy*—Mr. KING *and* Mrs. ABINGTON *support the Play*—DIDO, *a Tragedy, by* REED, *the Rope-maker, a still-born Play*—LINCO'S TRAVELS, *written by* GARRICK, *and given by him to* KING *for his Benefit-night.*

IN the month of February Mr. Colman was determined to shew what he could perform without the assistance of Garrick. He, therefore, came forth single-handed, with his comedy

comedy of *The English Merchant.* He did not, however, reject French assistance. Voltaire had written a play, called, *L'Ecossaise,* which was never acted. He published it as if it was a translation of a piece written by John Home, the author of *Douglas.* His main design was to satirize Freron, a small wit at Paris, who had often dipped his pen in gall, and vented his malignity against the greatest genius in France. He introduced Freron under the name *Frelon,* a wasp. By this artifice he meant to have the air of a man, who did not think his enemy worth his notice, but left him to be scourged by a foreign writer. Colman changed the name of *Frelon* to that of *Spatter,* but whether he intended a personal satire, was never known. He dedicated his piece to Voltaire, as a tribute due to the original inventor.

BEFORE the *English Merchant* was presented to the public, Garrick told the author that he was going to establish two new rules. In the first place, to extinguish the custom of acting no farce, during the run of a new play, which, he said, was highly detrimental to the author as well as the manager. If a play was strong enough to run its course without additional aid, the weakest farce on the list might furnish the after-piece: and, on the other hand, if the play wanted support, the best two-act comedies might be added. This new rule he told Colman, would, on the present occasion, be of singular use to himself, for the *English Merchant,* he believed, would be acceptable to the pit and boxes, but in other parts of the house was likely to fail. The second innovation proposed by Garrick was, in consideration of the house being enlarged, so as to hold three

three hundred and thirty-seven pounds, instead of two hundred and twenty, which was the case in the former state of the theatre. The charge to authors on their benefit-nights, in consideration of two such material alterations, was proposed, for the future, to be seventy guineas, instead of sixty. To this scheme he desired Colman's assent; but the author, flushed with a high opinion of his play, refused to comply. He went on upon the old system, and had reason to repent. Just as Garrick foresaw, the *English Merchant* did not make a good trading voyage. The pit was rather thin, and the galleries presented a display of empty benches. Mrs. Abington gave new life and spirit to *Lady Alton*, and Mr. King, in the character of *Spatter*, displayed a wonderful variety of talents: and yet, with their united powers, they were not able to attract a full house, during

during the run of the play, which was laid aside after the tenth or eleventh night.

Dido, a tragedy, by Mr. Reed, a rope-maker, was acted on the 28th of March, for Mr. Holland's benefit: it was never published, and *nothing* can be said of it here.

In the month of April following, Garrick gave to Mr. King an interlude, to be acted between the play and the farce, called *Linco's Travels*. This little work is well imagined. *Linco*, after a long ramble over Europe, returns to his family in *Arcadia*, and, in a pleasant vein of humour, describes the manners of the French, the Germans, the Italians, and, in particular, the English. King, as usual, was highly diverting through the whole.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

BARRY *and Mrs.* DANCER, *(soon afterwards Mrs.* BARRY,*) engaged at Drury-Lane, September,* 1767.—BARRY *shines in* OTHELLO—*Mrs.* BARRY *revives the Tragedy of* DOUGLAS, *and, by extraordinary fine Acting, brings that Play into great Vogue—A Farce, by* GARRICK, *called,* A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN—*A successful Piece—*FALSE DELICACY, *a Sentimental Comedy—*HUGH KELLY—*Prologue, by* GARRICK, *on that Species of Dramatic Composition—*HURD'S *Definition of True Comedy—*D'ALEMBERT'S *Opinion of Serious Comedy—He proposes Rules for the Conduct of it—Draws his Observations from the Management of* DESTOUCHES *in his Comedy of* LE GLORIEUX—*The Tragedy of* ZENOBIA—BARRY'S *Excellence in the Character of* RHADAMISTUS—*Mrs.* BARRY'S *Powers in* ZENOBIA, *attracted numerous and crowded Audiences—Owing to such Performers the Play had great Success.*

September 1767, to June 1768.

IN the preceding summer, Messrs. Harris and Rutherford agreed with Mr. Beard and the other patentees for the purchase of Covent-Garden Theatre, at the price of sixty thousand pounds. In order to strengthen themselves, they

they invited Mr. Colman, and Powell, the favourite actor, to become equal sharers with themselves. Their proposal was accepted. All four joined to entice Mr. and Mrs. Yates to list under their banners. Those two performers revolted from Drury-Lane, and went over to the adverse camp. Garrick was far from being disconcerted by that event. He invited Barry, and Mrs. Dancer, (soon after Mrs. Barry,) from the Dublin theatre. The news of their engagement ran like wild-fire through the town. In October, Barry set off in his grand character of Othello, and acted, to the great delight of the public, three nights in succession. Mrs. Barry (for by that name I shall always mention her) made her first appearance in the almost forgotten tragedy of *Douglas*, which had been performed several years before at Covent-Garden. It soon died

away at that theatre, but was now revived with great advantage. The exquisite tenderness of Mrs. Barry in *Lady Randolph* went home to the inmost feelings of every heart. Whoever remembers her, must acknowledge, that in the scene with *Old Norval* her maternal affection drew tears from every eye. When that old shepherd gave an account of his taking a basket out of the river, in which a child lay nestling, her manner of saying, *Was he alive?* was equal to the most pathetic burst of passion that ever came from the mouth of Garrick. *Douglas*, from that moment, was much followed, and has been since revived by Mrs. Siddons in all its lustre.

THE prolific genius of Garrick could never lie fallow. A mind like his, even amidst the fatigues of his profession, was ever on the wing

wing after new objects. The *vis inertiæ*, or sluggish laziness, was no ingredient in his composition. He had another farce intitled, *A Peep behind the Curtain.* This is a rehearsal in form: it gives a complete picture of the inside of a play-house, and the manners of the persons employed. *Glib*, the author of *Orpheus*, a burlesque opera, invites his friends to a rehearsal of his piece. They attend, and are ridiculous pretenders to virtu and taste. The prologue and epilogue were written by Garrick, and both delivered by Mr. King. That gentleman acted *Glib*, and almost rivalled *Bayes*. The farce was presented in the beginning of December, and was for several successive nights a favourite entertainment.

EARLY in January, 1768, an author, who had signalized himself by letters, essays, poems,

and paragraphs in the newspapers, had the ambition to move in a higher sphere. This was the well known Mr. Hugh Kelly. He had served his time to some trade in Dublin, and, with no better education, was able by his natural parts to write a comedy, intitled, *False Delicacy*. The prologue*, by Garrick, was, as usual, spoken by Mr. King, with great vivacity, and gave a fair and true idea of the scenes that were to follow. It promised a moral and sentimental comedy, and, with an air of pleasantry, called it a sermon in five acts. The critics considered it in the same light, but the general voice was in favour of the play, during a run of near twenty nights. Foote, at last, by a little piece, called, *Piety in Pattens*, brought that species of composition into disrepute. It is far from this writer's

* See the Appendix, No. XVI.

intention

intention to lessen Mr. Kelly's posthumous fame, but he thinks the opportunity fair to say a few words on the subject. It appears to him, that a play made up of grave and moral sentences, does not deserve the name of comedy. When the pathetic is properly interwoven, it rises above its former level. The feelings of the heart are wakened, and, in some degree, compensate for the absence of wit and humour. But still, a true picture of the manners is, for the most part, attended with ridicule. Doctor Hurd very properly says, "Comedy proposes, for the end of its representation, the sensation of pleasure, arising from a "view of the truth of characters, more especially their specific differences." But this definition seems to be entirely rejected by writers of mere sentimental comedy. Of all the French critics, D'Alembert was the man who

best understood the nature of what may be called serious comedy. Speaking of *Le Glorieux* of Destouches, he says, that the pathetic intermixed with comic scenes, instead of making an heterogeneous medley, gave animation to the whole play, though gaiety was the predominant colour. D'Alembert adds, that Destouches, when he thought fit to adopt a new species, had the art to blend the pathetic and the comic in such a proportion, that both together conspired to produce a fine effect. The poet's art consisted in making the pathetic subordinate to the gaiety which is essential to true comedy. To excite laughter in the midst of tears is often a vain attempt; but, even in the midst of scenes of pleasantry, an incident may occur, that touches the heart, and excites the tenderest sympathy. This we have seen in the *Conscious Lovers*, when

Indiana

Indiana is acknowledged by her father Destouches, in D'Alembert's opinion, opened a new career, which, however, has been deserted by subsequent writers, who found the grave and serious more suited to the mediocrity of their genius. But surely, the serious and domestic drama, which has neither pathos nor humour, is a new-fangled species, that deserves no kind of encouragement. The play of *False Delicacy* has been much commended, but, it is hoped, will not be deemed a pattern for imitation, when the road to true comedy lies fairly open.

About the middle of February was acted the tragedy of *Zenobia*, founded on the story of *Rhadamistus*, as related by Tacitus in his Annals, lib. xii. sect. 44 to 51. That the famous Crebillon had written a play on the

same subject, is well known. All that this writer will say of himself is, that he did not choose to be a mere copyist, but had the ambition to aim at originality. The play was so well supported by the performers, that it could not fail in the representation. Barry was the *Rhadamistus*: with his figure he pleased every eye, and with that impassioned voice charmed every ear. Mrs. Barry in *Zenobia* was the delight of the audience. She had an uncommon variety of tones, that suited every transition of the passions. In the catastrophe she towered above all that had been seen on the stage. To give an idea of her execution, it would be necessary to cite the particular passages, and from that the author chooses to refrain. Supported by such acting, the play succeeded to his utmost wish.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Mrs. PRITCHARD, *at the End of Eight and Thirty Years, thought it Time to retire—On the 24th of April,* 1768, *she speaks a Farewell* EPILOGUE, *written for her by* GARRICK—*Dies at Bath in August following*—THE PADLOCK, *a Musical Farce, by* BICKERSTAFF—*The Musick by* DIBDIN—*The Piece acted, for the First Time, before the King of Denmark, who was then on a Visit to England—Hint of the Piece from a Novel of* CERVANTES, *the great Author of* DON QUIXOTE—DIBDIN *admirable in* MUNGO; *and* Mrs. ARNE *in* LEONORA—*Anecdote of* Colonel BARRE, *and his Application of* MUNGO's Song *in a Debate in the House of Commons*—ZINGIS, *a Tragedy by* Mr. DOW, *an Officer in the India Service—The Play criticised, and condemned*—THE SCHOOL FOR RAKES, *a Comedy by* Mrs. GRIFFITHS—*The Hint, or rather the Plot, taken from* EUGENIE, *by* Monsieur BEAUMARCHAIS—*It was acted Nine Nights.*

MRS. PRITCHARD had been eight and thirty years in the eye of the public, and thought it time to rest at the goal, which she had reached with universal applause. Accordingly,

ingly, on the 24th of April 1768, she took leave of the public in the following lines, written for her by Mr. Garrick, after the play of *Macbeth*.

EPILOGUE.

The curtain dropt,—my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror was my last;
Could I in such a scene my exit make,
While here each real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.

I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd:
In acted passion, tears must seem to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth show."

Before

Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give,—my wishes take;
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd.
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill,
Weed out the poison, but be *English* still.

To all my brethren, whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind.
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd,—on small desert bestow'd,
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

In this pathetic manner that great actress took her leave of the stage. She died at Bath in the month of August following, lamented by all

all that knew her, either in her profession, or in private life.

September 1768, to June 1769.

THE house opened for the season earlier than usual. The King of Denmark thought fit to pay a visit to this country, and was about the end of August in London, with his train of attendants. He gave notice of his desire to see a few plays, and Garrick made all due preparation. He acted *Hamlet* for the king, and, after the play, gave *The Padlock*, a musical farce, by Bickerstaff, who soon after published his piece, with a dedication to the King of Denmark, as a mark of homage from the English stage. He tells us in his preface, that he took the hint from a book of novels, written by the admired author of Don Quixote. *Don Diego* is there described as a man addicted to jealousy, to such a de-

a degree, that he never goes from home, without locking a *Padlock* on the outside of his door. That circumstance gave the title to the piece. The music was composed by the ingenious Mr. Dibdin, who played the part of *Mungo* with great humour. *Leonora* in the hands of Mrs. Arne, gave the most exquisite pleasure. Bannister performed *Don Diego* in a most excellent stile; and Vernon sung delightfully in the part of *Leander*, the lover of *Leonora*. The plot of this little piece is carried on in a very entertaining manner, and, being admirably performed, it drew crowded audiences for a length of time. The following anecdote occurred during the run of the *Padlock*. A debate arose in the House of Commons about three different transactions, which, it seems, were liable to censure. A gentleman on the treasury-bench declared himself the adviser and

and conductor of the measure, when Colonel Barre rose in his place, and, after stating his objections in that forcible manner, which always distinguished him, he concluded with saying, that the Honourable Member called to his mind the words of a song that he heard at Drury-Lane, "*Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo every where.*"

In December, Mr. Dow, an officer of eminence in the India service, produced a tragedy, by the name of *Zingis*. He brought with him to England an imagination replete and warm with the works of the Persic writers, and derived the subject of his play from the *History of the Mogul Tartars*. It looks as if Garrick, when he no longer took a part in new plays, was more easy of access to poets of mere mediocrity. The tragedy of *Zingis* was

was of that class, and even worse; it abounded with absurdity, and a strange jargon of names and words, that were dissonance to the English ear. It was observed by a writer of judgement, that tumour, without magnificence, and circumlocution, untinctured with poetry, were the true characteristics of the play. It had, notwithstanding, a run of nine nights, but, it seems, the spectators were constantly asking each other, *What is it about?* To enquire now about the unintelligible, were a waste of time.

It was followed in January by a comedy, called, *The School for Rakes*, by Mrs. Griffiths. King was the gentleman-usher in a prologue, written by Garrick, the friend and patron of that lady. A French play, called *Eugenie*, by Monsieur Beaumarchais, furnished the

the ground-plot, and the edifice raised upon it, was for a time much applauded. It has, however, never since risen into fame, and, therefore, may be passed by without further criticism.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

THE FATAL DISCOVERY, *a Tragedy, by* JOHN HOME—*Founded on* FINGAL, *or the Poems of* OSSIAN—*It is made up of barbarous Names, and Erse Poetry—Met with general disapprobation*—JUBILEE *at Stratford-upon-Avon, contrived by* GARRICK *in Honour of* SHAKESPEARE—*The Various Occurrences at that Place—The Rotundo in Imitation of Ranelagh—A Band of Music in the Orchestra—Songs in Honour of* SHAKESPEARE—GARRICK *speaks his* ODE—*Anecdote relating to* FOOTE—*A Grand Procession intended, but prevented by the Weather*—THE STRATFORD JUBILEE *exhibited at Drury-Lane—The Procession on the Stage—Attended with great Success*—'TIS WELL IT'S NO WORSE, *an indifferent Comedy, by* BICKERSTAFF—HUGH KELLY *brings forward a Comedy, called* A WORD TO THE WISE—*For good or bad Reasons it was damned on the Second Night—After* KELLY'S *Death, it was revived for the Benefit of his Widow—Prologue by* Dr. JOHNSON.

A KIND of judgement seemed at this time to hang over Mr. Garrick, for his refusal of the tragedy of *Douglas*. He was now condemned to receive a much inferior production,

by the same author. This was *The Fatal Discovery*, a tragedy founded on *Fingal*, or the poems of *Ossian*. The names of the persons of the piece are grating to an English ear. *Kastreel*, *Dunton*, *Connon*, and the like, are exotics beneath the dignity of tragedy. The play might as well be written in Erse; it has neither poetry nor sentiment, nor a single scene or incident to alarm the passions. It was not fit to be represented any where on this side of Johnny Grots, at the remotest part of Scotland. Which is the worst, this or Dow's *Zingis*, is a problem not easy to be solved. That both were endured nine nights, is a disgrace to the audiences of that day.

In the course of the ensuing summer, Garrick devoted his hours to the completion of a design, which he had long meditated, and had

had much at heart. This was, to give a grand *Jubilee* to the memory of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth-place of our great poet. At that time all hands were set to work. A boarded rotundo, in imitation of Ranelagh, was erected on the banks of the river, and many other decorations were displayed in various parts of the town. On the 5th and 6th September, a numerous concourse assembled from all parts of the country, and also from London. On the 7th, public worship was celebrated with great magnificence. As soon as the religious ceremony was over, the strangers went in crowds to read Shakespeare's Epitaph over the door of the charnel-at the East end of the church. At three, on the same day, the company met in the rotundo, where a handsome dinner was provided. A little after five, the musical per-

formers ascended the orchestra, and the songs, composed by Garrick, were sung with great applause. Garrick closed the whole with his ode, upon dedicating a building, and erecting a statue to Shakespeare, in his native city.

When the company began to rise, Foote, who sat next to this writer, said, "Murphy, "let us take a turn on the banks of the Avon, "to try if we can catch some inspiration." We accordingly sallied forth. Foote was no sooner seen on the margin of the river, than a crowd assembled round him. He cracked his jokes, and peals of laughter resounded all over the lawn. On a sudden, a tall man, prodigiously corpulent and unwieldy, broke through the circle, richly dressed in gold-laced cloaths, in order to have conversation with

with a famous wit. Foote paid him several compliments, and then asked him, "Has the "county of Warwick the honour of giving "birth to you, Sir, as well as to Shake-"speare?"—"No," said the uncouth gentleman; "I come out of Essex."—"Where, "Sir?"—"I come out of Essex:" "Out of "Essex!" said Foote;—"and who drove "you?"—A loud laugh broke out at once, and the Essex traveller rushed away, with a look that spoke his resolution never to have any more intercourse with a man of wit.

On the 8th September there was a splendid ball in the rotundo, and for the following day was announced a grand procession through the town, in which the principal characters in Shakespeare's plays were to be exhibited. It happened, however, that a violent tempest

of wind and rain made it impossible to put that part of the scheme into execution. The *Jubilee* ended abruptly, and the company left the place with precipitation.

September 1769, to October 1770. The *Stratford Jubilee* was in October transferred to Drury-Lane. In order to give it a dramatic form, Garrick invented a comic fable, in which the inferior people of Stratford and the visitors were represented with great pleasantry. As it was never published, an exact account is not to be expected. We remember a scene in an inn-yard, with a post-chaise standing at the remote end. When a crowd, after much diverting talk, withdrew from the place, a voice was heard from the inside of the chaise. Moody was within; he let down the blind, and in the character of an Irish-

man,

man, complained, that, not being able to get a lodging, he was obliged to sleep in his chaise. He then came forward amidst bursts of applause. King soon joined him, and they two were the life of the piece. The dialogue throughout was carried on in a vein of humour. The songs, that had been heard at Stratford, were occasionally intermixed, and the whole concluded with a grand procession, in which Shakespeare's plays were exhibited in succession, with a banner displayed before each of them, and a scene painted on the canvass to mark the play intended. A train of performers, dressed in character, followed the colours, all in dumb show acting their respective parts. Mrs. Abington at last, in a triumphal carr, represented the comic muse. Dr. Arne's music, the magnificence of the scenery and decorations, and the abilities of

the actors, conspired to establish the entertainment in the public opinion in so powerful a manner, that we are assured by a gentleman, who has a collection of the play-bills, that it was repeated no less than a hundred times in the course of the season. During the run of the piece, Garrick, on several intermediate nights, ascended a pulpit raised on the stage, and there spoke his ode * to the memory of Shakespeare in a style of graceful elocution.

In December Bickerstaff came forth with a comedy, intitled, *'Tis Well it's no Worse*. The subject is said to be taken from a Spanish play, by Calderon. It was acted nine nights, but never rose to reputation, and, therefore, may now be passed by without further notice.

* See Appendix, No. XVII.

HUGH KELLY, after the success of *False Delicacy*, seems to have had easy access to Garrick. In the beginning of January 1770, he brought on a comedy, under the title of *A Word to the Wise*. If the play had any merit, and we are told it had, it met with great injustice. For some political objections to the author, a party was formed against him. His play, with difficulty, struggled through the first night, and on the second was finally crushed. It rose, however, once more in 1777, when it was performed for the benefit of Mr. Kelly's widow and her children, with a prologue suited to the occasion, by Dr. Johnson, who was ever ready to extend a helping hand to the distressed. Johnson's lines are so neat and elegant, that the reader, we have no doubt, will be pleased to find them here.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

A WORD TO THE WISE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play, which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage,
From critic malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance ward not with the dead;
Ages o'erpast foe regards with pitying eye,
The man, whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just;
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please;

To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only;—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss:—the poet cannot hear.
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet still shall calm reflection bless the night,
When lib'ral pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

This address had the desired effect. The play was well received, but we do not find that it appeared again on the stage.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE, *a Musical Drama, altered from* DRYDEN'S *Opera of* ARTHUR, THE BRITISH WORTHY—*Examen of the Original—The Fable wild, made up of incredible Fictions and Absurdities—Reduced by* GARRICK *to Two Acts instead of Five*—Dr. ARNE'S *Music secured the Piece on the Stage*—Mrs. ABINGTON, *after* Mrs. PRITCHARD *and* Mrs. CLIVE, *the favourite Actress*—CIBBER'S NON-JUROR *altered for the worse by* BICKERSTAFF—THE HYPOCRITE, *the New Title*—MAWWORM *an additional Character, but is of no Kind of Value*—THE NON-JUROR, *though called by* POPE, MOLIERE'S OLD STUBBLE, *is an Improvement of the* TARTUFFE—HAMLET, *with Alterations by* GARRICK—*An injudicious Performance—The Grave-Diggers retrenched, and nothing substituted in their Room—The Fencing Scene preserved, though improper in a Tragedy*—GARRICK *never published his Alterations—Seems to have been sensible of his Error.*

TO fill up the chasm made by the sudden fall of *A Word to the Wise*, Garrick was provided with materials. The rage for musical pieces

pieces was growing more and more into fashion; and, as "*They who live to please, must* "*please to live,*" the manager was obliged to comply with the public taste. Dryden's opera of *King Arthur, or, the British Worthy,* attracted his attention, and, to adapt it to the stage, he made considerable alterations, and having moulded it into a new form, gave it the title of *Arthur and Emmeline.* The original is in Dryden's wildest manner. *Arthur,* the British worthy, does not appear in that grandeur, which might be expected. He retains too much of fabulous history from Geoffrey of Monmouth. The scene lies in *Kent,* where *Oswald,* a Saxon, and a heathen, is the reigning king. He is assisted by *Osmand,* a Saxon magician, and by *Grimbald,* a gloomy sullen spirit. In the adverse camp, *Merlin,* the British enchanter, protects *King Arthur,*

Arthur, and employs in his service *Philidel*, an airy spirit. The Saxon magician raises an enchanted wood, and contrives to make the British worthy believe that *Emmeline* is there enclosed in an oak-tree. *Merlin* counteracts these magic arts, and not only produces to the British king the real *Emmeline*, but bestows on her, who was born blind, the organs of sight. The Britons triumph over the Saxon king, and with that catastrophe the piece concludes. The fable abounds with a multitude of absurdities, but the genius of Dryden intermixed beautiful poetry and a variety of songs, which, with machinery, ensured success on the stage. Dryden, we may suppose, intended to vie with the play of the *Tempest*;

> But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
> Within that circle none could walk but he.

The

The play, in its original state, could not be revived with any hope of success. It consists of five long acts, and would most probably tire the patience of a modern audience. Garrick extracted matter sufficient for two acts, and in that new form produced it in February 1770. Dr. Arne's music, with a display of splendid scenes and grand machinery, had a powerful effect, and kept the opera alive during a run of several nights.

Garrick, in the mean time, appeared in several of his best characters. Barry and Mrs. Barry united their strength, and were the delight of the public. Mrs. Abington was the great comic actress of the time. The death of Mrs. Pritchard, and the retreat of Mrs. Clive from the public service in 1769, laid the whole province of comedy open to this celebrated actress.

actress. Her genius broke out at once, and was so versatile, that she not only acted the fine ladies with grace and elegance, but also descended with infinite humour to the lively parts in what is called low comedy. Mr. King was a powerful assistant, and the combined strength of all these performers secured to the managers a very successful season.

September 1770, to June 1771.

About the beginning of November, an excellent comedy, in its original state, but altered and mangled by Bickerstaff, found its way to the stage. This was Cibber's *Non-Juror*, founded on the *Tartuffe* of Moliere. Cibber's play exhibits a true picture of English manners. The character of *Maria*, entirely of Cibber's invention, is the most lively, spirited, and elegant, coquette in the compass of the drama. Mr. Pope,

Pope, it is true, was the declared enemy of the *Non-Juror*. In the Dunciad he describes Cibber offering all his works, as a sacrifice to *Mother Dullness*, and adds,

> No merit now the dear *Non-Juror* claims;
> Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

We are sorry to see that charming poet at war with real merit. The best apology that can be made for him, is, that his judgement was warped by party-prejudices. He must otherwise have seen that Cibber's play is an improvement of the original. *Dr. Wolfe* is well drawn and highly coloured; a true representative of all the lurking enemies of their country, whatever may be their sect or religious persuasion. Bickerstaff would have done well to respect a superior genius, and to have re-

served *Maw-worm* for some original work of his own. The crab cannot be grafted on the laurel-tree. And yet, *The Hypocrite*, under the patronage of the manager, had a run of twelve or thirteen nights; we trust never to rise again.

EARLY in December, a strange phenomenon appeared on the boards of Drury-Lane. This was nothing less than the long-admired tragedy of *Hamlet*, with alterations by Garrick. The rage for re-touching, and, as it was said, correcting and improving our best authors, was the very error of the times. Colman, with an unhallowed hand, had defaced the tragedy of *King Lear*. Bickerstaff was another precedent, and, unhappily, Garrick was infected with the contagion. He lopped, pruned, and cut away, what, he thought, unnecessary

necessary branches, and instead of a flourishing tree, left a withered trunk. The *Grave-Diggers* suffered amputation. Their scene, it is true, would not be admitted by Racine, Voltaire, or any of the French authors; but the genius of Shakespeare towered above the rules that excluded what he deemed a representation of nature. When a licence gave our great poet a fair opportunity of adding to the pleasure of his auditors, with him that licence was a rule. His *Grave-Diggers* are an exact imitation of nature, and their dialogue is wonderfully happy. And yet that scene, universally admired, and, indeed, sanctified by ages, was altogether retrenched by Mr. Garrick, though absolutely necessary for *Ophelia's* funeral. In like manner, *Osrick*, the light airy courtier, is expelled from his situation. Frivolous as this personage may seem, he was

still useful in the conduct of the business. Since there was to be a fencing-scene, this water-fly, as *Hamlet* stiles him, was a fit forerunner of such a scheme. But a fencing-scene is a wretched expedient. If Garrick had then used his pruning-knife, and had added from his own invention something of real importance, to bring about a noble catastrophe, he would have shewn his judgement, and might have spared the rest of his labours. It seems, as he never published his alterations, that he saw his error. All further remarks are therefore unnecessary.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

ALMIDA, *a Tragedy, by* Madam CELISIA, *the Daughter of* DAVID MALLET—*Sent her Play from* GENOA—GARRICK *gives it a liberal Reception*—MRS. BARRY, *in the Character of* ALMIDA, *the great Support of the Play*—THE WEST-INDIAN, *a Comedy, by* Mr. CUMBERLAND—*Met with great and deserved Success*—AMELIA, *a Musical Entertainment, by the same Author, a still-born Piece*—SHAKESPEARE'S TIMON OF ATHENS *altered, to no good Purpose, by the quick Genius of* Mr. CUMBERLAND—Dr. JOHNSON'S *Criticism on the Original Play*—THE FASHIONABLE LOVERS, *another rapid Production of* Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *prolific Muse—A short-lived Piece*—THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER, *a Tragedy—Admirably acted by* Mr. *and* Mrs. BARRY—*Such Performers were sufficient to establish the Play, and to give it high Reputation*—BARRY'S *Death in* 1777—*Verses in Honour of his Memory*—THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER *revived, and finely acted by* Mrs. SIDDONS—THE IRISH WIDOW, *a Farce, by* GARRICK, *and by him given to* Mrs. BARRY *for her Benefit-Night—Admirably acted by* Mrs. BARRY, MOODY, *and the rest of the Performers.*

IN January, 1771, Madam Celisia, daughter of David Mallet, and married to a gentleman at *Genoa*, sent over a tragedy, called,

Almida. Mr. Garrick, in his Italian tour, became aequainted with this lady, who gave him the politest reception, and took great pains to introduce him to the *dilettanti*, and all the fashionable circles. In return, Garrick thought himself bound to pay her all the respect in his power, and to introduce what she recommended to his care, with every advantage his theatre could afford. Mr. Mallet, her father, died in April, 1765, but his surviving friends patronized the play. Mrs. Barry, in compliance with the manager's request, made it a point to call forth all her powers in the part of *Almida*, and to her inimitable acting the piece owed its brilliant success during a run of twelve nights.

Some time in February the public were entertained by a comedy, called, *The West Indian*,

Indian, from the pen of Richard Cumberland, Esq. a gentleman, who had been for some years hovering about the skirts of Parnassus, without entering far enough to taste the Pierian spring, and without gaining a sprig of laurel. At length, it seems, he penetrated the green retreats, exclaiming, with fervent zeal and ardour, as he approached the laurel-grove, that he should be happy if he could grasp the golden branch.

> Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
> Ostendat nemore in tanto!

Thalia lent a favourable ear, and directed him on his way. He seized the prize with avidity; sensations unfelt before raised him above himself, and new ideas crowded on his imagination. He surveyed the mass of life, and having selected his dramatis personæ, arranged the

plan of a comedy. The character of a *West Indian* was new to the stage: he resolved to give a portrait of him, and, accordingly, borrowed from him the title of his play.... In the piece his name is *Belcour*. King performed the part with universal applause; but though it had a good and pleasing effect on the stage, it cannot be said to be a copy from life. The foibles, the humours, and the real manners, of a West India planter, are not delineated with truth and accuracy. Be that as it may, it was a favourite comedy at the time, and has ever since kept its rank on the stage. Further observations are, therefore, unnecessary.

September 1771 to June 1772.

MR. CUMBERLAND was resolved not to let his muse have time to rest. He should, however, have remembered, that, when he had plucked

plucked one golden branch, another grows in the room of it;

——Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.

This, though told by *Virgil*, he seems to have forgot. Flushed with success, prolific, eager, and too rapid, he hurried on without the smallest regard for fame. *Festina lente* ought to have been the rule of a man who had given proof of real genius. But to bridle-in his struggling muse would to him be too much restraint. He produced in this season three pieces that soon fell into oblivion. The first was *Amelia*, a musical entertainment, taken from the *Summer's Tale*, formerly written by himself. The second came forward in December; a lame and wretched alteration of

Timon

Timon of Athens. Two or three attempts of the kind had been already made, one of them by Shadwell, and all without success. Dr. Johnson says of the original, "It is a do-"mestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens "on the attention of the reader. In the plan "there is not much art, but the incidents are "natural, and the characters various and exact, "The catastrophe affords a very powerful "warning against that ostentatious liberality, "which scatters bounty, but confers no bene-"fits, and buys flattery, but not friendship." What Mr. Cumberland did to such a play, or how he contrived to mangle it, is now not worth the trouble of enquiring. His third production, which came forth early in January, 1772, was a comedy, called, *The Fashionable Lovers.* It was universally pronounced unworthy of the author of *The West Indian.*

It

It died in a short time, and has remained ever since quietly inurned.

The next play, which was *The Grecian Daughter*, shall be dismissed in as few words as possible. Garrick received it in the politest manner, and made all due preparations for the performance. At first he told the author that he was tempted to play *Evander* himself. He kept that matter in suspense for a week or ten days; and, in the interval, Barry, being informed of Garrick's deliberation, said, with great modesty, "Let him play it; it will "come to me at last, and I shall be able to act "it better after seeing him." The manager, at last, signified that the fatigue of a new part would be too much for his constitution. *Evander* of course fell to the lot of Mr. Barry. Garrick attended the rehearsals with great

great assiduity. About the middle of February the play was exhibited with every possible advantage. Barry, in *Evander*, was the finest feeble venerable old man that imagination can figure to itself. Mrs. Barry towered above her former excellence. To give an account of their peculiar strokes of genius, it would be necessary to cite a number of passages; but the drudgery, or, if you will, the vanity, of quoting from his own work, is what the author chooses to avoid. If he adds, that the play had uncommon success, he desires to have it understood, that he ascribes it to the merit of such admirable performers.

Mr. Barry died on the 10th of January, 1777. He had been engaged in the two previous seasons at Covent-Garden. Soon after

after his death, this writer (Garrick having sold his patent) brought out the comedy of *Know your own Mind.* In the prologue he took leave of the stage, in the following lines:

> And if this piece should please you like the past,
> Ye brother bards forgive him:—'tis his last.
>
> Lost are the friends that lent their aid before;
> Roscius retires, and Barry is no more.
> Harmonious Barry! with what varied art
> His grief, rage, tenderness, assail'd the heart!
> Of plaintive Otway now no more the boast,
> And Shakespeare grieves for his Othello lost.
>
> Oft on this spot the tuneful swan expir'd,
> Warbling his grief:—you listen'd, and admir'd.
> 'Twas then but fancied woe: now ev'ry muse,
> Her lyre unstrung, with tears his urn bedews.

The author is aware that he has been drawn into a digression, but he hopes it will be seen, that his motive was to pay his last tribute to the memory of Mr. Barry. Even now he cannot

cannot quit the subject; he feels himself called upon to do justice to living merit. It is owing to Mrs. Siddons that *The Grecian Daughter* has not sunk into oblivion. She restored it to the stage, in nothing inferior to Mrs. Barry, and in some scenes superior.

GARRICK was so sensible of Mrs. Barry's uncommon powers in *The Grecian Daughter*, that, as a token of gratitude, he made her a present of a farce, called, *The Irish Widow*, to be acted at her benefit in the month of March. The subject was well imagined: it holds up a glass, wherein the man, who is declined into the vale of years, may see the folly of pretending to be still in the bloom of life. *Whittle* is a lover of this cast: he hears that his nephew is enamoured of the *Widow Brady*, and endeavours to supplant him. The widow

widow and the nephew counteract his designs, and, in the end, are married. Mrs. Barry spoke the Irish accent in a most pleasing stile. When we say, that Moody performed *Sir Patrick O'Neale*, to add that he gave universal satisfaction, were mere tautology. Garrick had every reason to reflect, with the heartfelt pleasure of a generous mind, on his civility to Mrs. Barry.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

THE DUEL, *a Comedy, by* WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Esq.—*The Hint taken from an admired French Play, called,* LE PHILOSOPHE SANS LE SCAVOIR—*Malevolence of a Party—Great Injustice done to the Piece on its first Representation*—CROSS PURPOSES, *a very excellent Farce, by the same Author*—ALONZO, *a Tragedy, by* JOHN HOME—*The Fable improbable, and highly romantic—Analysis of it—Success of the Play—It made some Amends for the Absurdities of* THE FATAL DISCOVERY.

September, 1772, to June, 1773. BARRY and Mrs. Barry continued their exertions in their favourite tragedies. Garrick and Mrs. Abington appeared frequently in their best comic characters; and the theatre went on in a flourishing manner, till, in the month of November,

November, it received a very unexpected interruption. A comedy, called, *The Duel*, was produced by William O'Brien, Esq. a gentleman well known, and universally admired for his taste and polished manners. The hint of his play was taken from an excellent French comedy, intitled, *Le Philosophe sans le Scavoir*. It seems, however, that, for some reason even then unknown, an unfavourable impression was made on the public mind. In consequence of that prejudice, whatever it was, a violent party was formed against the author. His piece had been read, and was much commended by several critics of real judgement; but amidst the noise and tumult of a play-house, the merit of a comic writer is of no avail. A violent party took possession of the pit, and the play did not survive the first night. We cannot help observing, that Mr.

O'Brien is the author of a most excellent farce, called *Cross Purposes*; a piece, which for characters well drawn and coloured, for true wit and humour, and natural dialogue, may be ranked with the best of our little comedies.

In February, 1773, Mr. John Home, with a view to retrieve the reputation lost by the *The Fatal Discovery* in 1769, announced a tragedy, called, *Alonzo*. The author's friends spoke of it in the highest terms. The representation was successful during a run of nine nights. Mr. Home, in his preface, says, that he was silent on former occasions, but he then could not refrain from embracing so fair an opportunity of returning his best thanks to the performers, and, in particular, to Mrs. Barry, who exceeded all imagination, and reached the

the summit of perfection. He chooses to add, that he was the first that saw her transcendant merit. From the colour of the dawn, he foretold the brightness of the day This we call, in the literal sense of the word, a second sight; as Mrs. Barry's powers had been felt by the public four or five years before. Mr. Home most certainly had reason to be thankful for the applause his play had received. The fable is founded on a most improbable and romantic story. The facts are shortly these: *Alonzo* had killed the heir-apparent of the crown, and for that offence, it seems, the king was content with ordering him into banishment. On that occasion, *Ormisinda*, sister of the deceased prince, consents to marry the murderer. They lived together four days, when *Alonzo* was obliged to quit the kingdom. A son was the issue of the

marriage. The mother had every virtue: she continued during a space of eighteen years a woman of the strictest honour; but *Alonzo* parted from her in a frantic fit of jealousy, and all she could hear of him was, that he pronounced her the worst of women. In this situation it happened that the fate of the kingdom was to be decided by a single combat. A Moorish giant is to engage a Spanish hero. *Alonzo* arrives in disguise to fight for his country, and, as we are told, obtains a victory. But this is far from being the catastrophe. *Alonzo*, under the name of *Abdallah*, claims, as a reward of his valour, to have justice executed on *Ormisinda* for her breach of conjugal fidelity. The king replies, that his daughter was never married. The princess confesses her marriage, and denies the charge brought against her. This again is to be decided

cided by single combat, *Alonzo* having thrown down his gauntlet, and challenged the boldest knight-errant to assert her cause. *Alberto*, her son, who knows neither father nor mother, desires to be the combatant. *Ormisinda* is terrified at the idea of a battle between father and son. To prevent this, she offers to undergo the ordeal trial, and walk bare-footed over burning plough-shares. It is at last agreed to have the charge made out by regular proof. For this purpose, *Alonzo* throws off his disguise, and comes to convince the king of his daughter's guilt. His allegation is, that, on the night before he left the kingdom, he saw *Ormisinda* in a dark grove with a young lover. *Teresa*, it then appears, was the person, dressed in man's apparel. *Ormisinda*, in a fit of distraction, kills herself. *Alonzo* follows her example; and, with that event,

the piece concludes. This, it is evident, is a wild romantic story, but the fable is well connected, and has some interesting situations. The poetry, if it may be so called, is a mixture of cold prosaic language and sudden eruptions of the false sublime. Upon the whole, *Alonzo* made amends for such a wretched production as *The Fatal Discovery*, and (*Douglas* excepted) is the best of Mr. Home's tragedies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

Death of Mr. LACY, *the Joint-Patentee—The whole Burthen of managing the Theatre devolved on* GARRICK—*His Infirmities render him unequal to the Task—*SETHONA, *a second Attempt at a Tragedy, by* Mr. DOW, *the Author of* ZINGIS—SETHONA *supported by a Party for Nine Nights, and then sinks down among the Dead—*THE MAID OF THE OAKS, *a Musical Drama, by* General BURGOYNE—*Hint taken from a Rural Festival, given by* Lord DERBY *at the Oaks in Kent, to celebrate his Marriage—Display of Rural Scenery at Drury-Lane—Grand Machinery and Music—The Piece had a long Run—*THE HEIRESS, *a good Comedy, by* General BURGOYNE—*Another Comedy from* Mr. CUMBERLAND, *called,* THE CHOLERIC MAN—*That Character better delineated in the Dedication prefixed than in the Play.*

September 1773, to June 1774.

MR. LACY, the joint-patentee, paid his debt to nature in March 1773. He was a sensible and worthy man. He died lamented by all his acquaintance.

quaintance. Garrick lost an able coadjutor. The whole burthen fell upon him at a time when his infirmities rendered him unequal to the task. He appeared as seldom as possible in the laborious parts of tragedy. Comedy was still within his compass: it was his favourite walk. He played *Archer, Ranger, Benedick, Don Felix,* and found in Mrs. Abington an actress equal to the female characters.

We have already observed, that Garrick, from the time when he declined to act in new plays, became more complying and willing to receive the various pieces that were offered to him. His facility on such occasions grew into a fault. The consequence was, that some plays of little value gained admittance to the stage. In this number may be reckoned a second

cond attempt at a tragedy by Mr. Dow, the author of *Zingis*. *Sethona* is the name of this wild production. The scene lies at Memphis in Egypt, but we look in vain for a single trace of oriental poetry. It is rather a tragedy in the Erse language. The fable is a chaos of absurdities, without one interesting situation. The play was acted in January 1774. The author was then in India, where he did not survive long enough to enjoy his fame. A party in his favour was formed by his countrymen and his friends in Leadenhall-street. By their influence, *Sethona* drawled through nine nights, without yielding any profits to the manager, or a sprig of bays to the poet.

GARRICK was glad to shift the scene from a dull tragedy to rural festivity, music, song, and dance. In this project he was assisted by General

General Burgoyne, who had seen a great deal of military service; and, when Mars no longer called him to the field, was willing to dedicate his leisure hours to the muses. He put into Garrick's hands a dramatic entertainment, called, *The Maid of the Oaks*. The General was known to be a polite scholar. To his taste for literature he added a pleasing elegance of manners. Garrick was glad of an opportunity to shew his respect for a writer of that class. He attended to the conduct of the plot, and, by the touches of his pen, gave new life and spirit to the dialogue. The piece owed its origin to the following circumstance: The Earl of Derby, whose sister was married to the General, had been lately joined in wedlock with Lady Betty Hamilton, and, to celebrate his nuptials, chose to give a *Fete Champetre*

Champetre at the Oaks in Kent. The rural festival was for four or five days a most splendid exhibition, with a well imagined display of decorations, and various bands of vocal and instrumental music in groves and temples. General Burgoyne conceived the idea of making it a spectacle for the stage. With the manager's assistance he digested his plan in a manner that gratified the public for a number of nights in succession. The machinery and the music conspired to gratify the eye and the ear. A minute analysis of the piece is by no means necessary. To the honour of General Burgoyne, it is proper to mention, that some years after, when Garrick was no more, he produced a play, called *The Heiress*, which may be pronounced the best comedy that has appeared since *The School for Scandal*.

September 1774, to June 1775.

In December this year we may cry out, *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* Mr. Cumberland appears again! His prolific muse was delivered of another bantling, called, *The Choleric Man.* The character, as he has managed it, could not afford any thing like entertainment. *Nightshade,* which is the name he gives to this person, is in one continued rage from beginning to end. The author should have considered that no man lives in a perpetual whirlwind of passion. Choler breaks out on a sudden, and intervals of peace and quiet succeed. If Mr. Cumberland had copied nature, the audience would have had the pleasure resulting from variety; and the fits and starts of his angry boy might have helped to retard, and, at times, to forward, the main business of the plot. As this is not the case, all we shall say on the subject,

ject, is, that, if the reader wishes to have the true idea of a choleric man, he will find it in the *Dedication to Detraction*, prefixed to the play.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

BRAGANZA, *a Tragedy, by* ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.—*The Ground-Plot taken from* VERTOT'S *History of the Revolutions in Portugal—Critical Examen of the Play—The Characters well drawn, and the Plot conducted with Art—Some of the Situations admirable—*PROLOGUE *to the Play—*BON TON, *a Farce written by* GARRICK, *and produced on* Mr. KING'S *Benefit Night—Acted with considerable Success.*

WE come now to a production of considerable merit, to the tragedy of *Braganza*, by Robert Jephson, Esq. This gentleman had formerly lived in intimacy with Mr. Garrick; he was at that time settled in a genteel station at the castle in Dublin. His play, which, we may believe, he had much at heart, was not of

moment

moment sufficient to make him cross the water. He had a considerable friend in London, to whose care he could confide. This was —— Tighe, Esq. a gentleman highly respected for his talents and his taste for polite literature. He was intimate with Garrick, and though Barry and Mrs. Barry would have been the shining ornaments of the play, yet as they were engaged at Covent-Garden, Mr. Tighe thought proper to produce it under the auspices of Garrick, who most gladly received the work of his friend Mr. Jephson. The subject has its foundation in the elegant history of the Revolutions in Portugal by the Abbe Vertot. As soon as *Braganza* was announced, that beautiful tract was in every body's hands. To enable themselves to judge of the play, which was eagerly expected, Vertot's history was universally read. That this would be the case,

the

the author saw when he began to plan his fable. His good sense informed him, that well-known historical truth ought not to be violated by such romantic fictions, as those, with which Colonel Dow and others had disfigured their exotic tragedies. Mr. Jephson took a very different road: He has shewn his dramatic skill in the conduct of his piece. The incidents are probable, and so artfully interwoven with the texture of the whole, that expectation is kept alive, and the passions are thrown into violent agitation. The characters are drawn with a faithful pencil from the historic page. The *Duke of Braganza* has all the great and amiable qualities ascribed to him by Vertot; ambitious, without the vices that usually attend that passion; brave, without rashness; generous, without profusion; an affectionate husband, a true patriot, and a determined enemy

enemy to cruelty and oppression. The *Dutchess of Braganza* is a new female character, that is to say, new to the stage. In real life she possessed almost every virtue; with a heart devoted to the *Duke*. She was a heroine of undaunted firmness, and an ardent lover of her country. *Velasquez*, the Viceroy from Spain, is represented in his true colours; a savage tyrant, above all laws human and divine. The scene, in which he uses all his art to persuade *Ramirez*, the priest, and spiritual adviser of *Braganza*, to murder the *Duke*, is finely imagined. The scheme proposed for that purpose is diabolical. *Velasquez* gives the Confessor a poisoned wafer, and orders him to administer it to *Braganza* as the last sacrament of the Roman church. A design so horrible never before entered the heart of man; a detestable murder to be blended with an act of devotion!

It is true that no such circumstance is recorded in the Abbe Vertot's history: we are indebted for it to Mr. Jephson's invention. The character of *Velasquez* is wound up to the very summit of villainy. We pant for his destruction, and wish success to the conspirators, who have entered into a league to deliver their country from a monster. By the poet's art we are thrown into a dreadful state of suspense, or rather of terror, when there is reason to think that they are betrayed to the Spaniard. That cloud is dark, and hangs over our imagination for some time. Towards the end of the fourth act, the gloom clears up, and it then appears, that the two men, who were believed to have discovered the plot, remained true and faithful to the cause of their country. Hope now succeeds to fear. Some further difficulties occur in the fifth act, but in good time the conspirators

conspirators burst the gates of the city, and storm the tyrant in his palace. *Velasquez* is seized, and ordered to be conveyed in chains to a dungeon. He is, accordingly, carried off, but we are informed in a very short time, that the people rushed upon him in the street, and tore him limb from limb. The catastrophe gave universal pleasure. The oppressor meets the punishment due to his crimes, and virtue reigns triumphant. The sentiments throughout the piece are suited to the several characters. The stile is poetic, but always natural, without those ambitious ornaments, which we find in other plays.

Mr. Tighe, the author's friend, had reason to rejoice at the success with which he executed his commission. At his desire this writer furnished a prologue, in which he spoke

of *Braganza* in the stile that he thought so excellent a tragedy deserved. Mr. Tighe, who is now in London, desires me, instead of giving a regular criticism, to reprint the prologue. In compliance with his request, I beg leave to lay it before the reader.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

BRAGANZA.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And smit with novels, full of fancies crude,
She, that was frolick once, now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.

The comic sister, in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit:

Folly,

Folly, for her, may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule no arrows fly,
But, if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.

She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another,
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, "*To a Nun'ry go.*"

Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She from the first, when man her pow'r confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;

Who in base times a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd and bled;
Hither they come, again they breathe, they live,
And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.

Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mein,
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgement here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.

Such is her art, weaken'd, perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard (our hopes may rise too high;
'Tis yours to judge; 'tis yours the cause to try);
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more we hope will rouze the genuine flame.

His

His no French play, tame, polish'd, dull by rule;
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespeare's
school.
Inspir'd by him, he shews in glaring light
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A dark conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tablature of honour, guilt, and woe!
If on his canvas nature's colours shine,
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

In the month of March, 1775, Garrick made Mr. King a present of a farce, called, *Bon Ton; or, High Life above Stairs,* to be acted on his benefit-night. This piece is a contrast to Garrick's former farce of *High Life below Stairs.* It is a well-directed satire on the fashionable follies and vicious manners imported

from France, and too much in vogue in the circles of high life. It was well performed by the several actors, and, in particular, by King, Mrs. Abington, and Miss Pope. It met with considerable success, and deserved it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVI.

BARRY *and* Mrs. BARRY *engaged at Covent-Garden*—GARRICK *obliged to exert himself, though his Health is much impaired*—COLMAN *produces a Farce, called,* ISLINGTON SPAW—*Prologue by* GARRICK—*A Hint of his Intention to retire from the Stage*—BON TON *published, with an elegant and liberal Compliment paid by* GARRICK *to the Merit of* Mr. KING—THE RUNAWAY, *a Comedy, by* Mrs. COWLEY—GARRICK *patronizes her*—*Helps to finish her Play for the Stage*—*It is represented with good success*—Mrs. COWLEY'S *Dedication to* GARRICK, *and her Gratitude for all his Civilities*—GARRICK *at last resolved to abdicate*—*His generous Support of the Fund for the Relief of distressed Actors, obliged by their Infirmities to drop their Profession.*

September 1775 to June 1776.

BARRY and Mrs. Barry were engaged at Covent-Garden; and by their desertion Garrick lost a tower of strength. He was, consequently, obliged

obliged to exert himself oftener than agreed with a constitution much impaired.

In January, 1776, Mr. Colman produced a farce, called, *The Spleen; or, Islington-Spaw.* He had sold his share of the Covent-Garden Patent, and now intended to make his partners feel the loss of his assistance. The success was by no means equal to his expectation. It was well received, and for fourteen or fifteen nights was thought a good and pleasant entertainment. It was, however, never rated above mediocrity. The most remarkable circumstance attending it was, that, in the prologue*, written by Garrick, the public received the first notice of his intention to retire from the stage. After describing a tradesman, who quits his business to enjoy the air of Islington, he adds,

* See Appendix, No. XVIII.

The

The master of this shop too seeks repose,
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, light'ning, and old cloaths.

This was not a mere stroke of fancy: it was soon known to be his settled plan. In a few days after giving this hint, he published the farce of *Bon Ton*, with the following advertisement prefixed to it: "*This little drama,* "*which had been thrown aside for many* "*years, was brought out last season, with* "*some alterations, for the benefit of Mr.* "*King, as a token of regard for one, who,* "*during a long engagement, was never* "*known, unless confined by real illness, to* "*disappoint the public, or distress the ma-* "*nagers.*" A farewel encomium, so liberally given, shews the heart of the writer, and does great honour to Mr. King, who deserved

served the encomium bestowed upon him, and has never thrown it aside by any alteration in his conduct, but continues to this hour to wear it in its newest gloss.

THE time now before us opens a gloomy prospect. The manager, who, during a space of thirty years, had conducted the public entertainment, is on the point of abdicating. We have reached his last season, and the vessel in a short time must lose an able pilot. He was determined, however, to fill up the space that remained with acts of friendship and benevolence. Mrs. Cowley, a novice in the dramatic line, had written a comedy, called, *The Runaway*. She made her approaches to Garrick with such success, that he soon became the patron of her muse. He saw a dawn of genius, and resolved to cherish it to the

the utmost of his power. He helped to new model her plot, and from his own fund of wit and humour, gave spirit and vivacity to the dialogue. The play was acted in February, 1776, and had a run of twelve nights. Mrs. Cowley was so sensible of the obligations conferred upon her, that she dedicated her piece to Mr. Garrick, declaring, with an air of triumph, that amidst the regrets she felt for his quitting the stage, it was peculiarly gratifying to her, that a play of her writing closed his dramatic life. She adds, in the warmth of her gratitude, "Posterity will "know, through a thousand channels, that "Mr. Garrick was the ornament of the eight-"eenth century; that he possessed the friend-"of those whose names will be the glory of "English history; and that the first ranks in "the kingdom courted his society." This,

at

at the time, was called flattery by Garrick's enemies, but now, when envy and malice are dead, what Mrs. Cowley said is a truth universally acknowledged.

It was not without many struggles with himself that Garrick was able finally to settle the plan of his retreat from the stage. His temper was naturally wavering and irresolute; and no wonder that he, who had lived in the sunshine of public admiration during the space of thirty years, should flutter and hesitate, and feel a conflict of various sensations working at his heart. He was, however, determined at last to resign his station. Being near the close of a long and bright career, he could not think of reaching the goal, without due attention to the performers, whom he was to leave behind him. He felt that his

power

power of doing good was soon to be at an end, and in the mean time turned all his thoughts to the welfare of the actors, who had exerted themselves with assiduity in his service. Nor did he stop there: his generous way of thinking was not confined to performers of sound health and distinguished talents. With a mind more enlarged, he extended his care to those, whom age or infirmities obliged to relinquish their profession. To rescue all such from poverty and distress, a fund had been in the year 1765 established, by a voluntary subscription, at Covent-Garden Theatre; and in 1766 the same plan was adopted at Drury-Lane, when the managers subscribed a considerable sum to forward an institution so charitable and benevolent. Mr. Garrick became the warm and active patron of the undertaking; and, at his own expence, obtained an act

act of parliament to incorporate the subscribers to the fund. With the consent of his partner, Mr. Lacy, he provided an annual benefit for the support and augmentation of the charity, and, from that time to the end of his administration, not only kept his word, but acted one of his capital parts on the occasion. He continued to the end of his theatrical life the generous protector of a profession, of which he had been the ornament from his first appearance in Goodman's Fields.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

GARRICK's last Appearance on the Stage, in the Part of DON FELIX, *in the Comedy of* THE WONDER—*The Play was announced for the Benefit of the Theatrical Fund—It was acted on the 10th of June, 1776—His Prologue on that Occasion—At the end of the Play, his Farewell Address to the Audience—He retires amidst Acclamations and Thunders of Applause—Character of* GARRICK *by* Dr. BROWNE, *in his Estimate of the Manners*—Dr. SMOLLET's *Panegyrick on* GARRICK *as an Actor, in his History of England—The Audience shed great Marks of Regret at parting with their favourite Actor—The Receipt of the Night given to the Theatrical Fund—*GARRICK's *Present of two Houses to the Trustees—Purchases them back, and in his Will bequeathes the same Houses to the Fund—Deeds executed for the Sale of the Patent—He retires to his Villa at Hampton.*

WE come now to the close of the season in June, 1776. On the tenth of that month our English Roscius made his last bow to the public. To him it was a moment big with

regret, with sorrow, and heartfelt gratitude. He was for some time inclined to end his course with the part that he at first set out with; but, upon consideration, he judged, that after the fatigue of so laborious a character as *Richard III.* it would be out of his power to utter a farewell word to the audience. He, therefore, chose the part of *Don Felix* in the comedy of *The Wonder*. He knew that he was to go through a severe trial, but he mustered up his spirits, resolved to exert himself through the night with his utmost vigour, and shew himself, *qualis ab incepto*, a great actor to the last. Public notice was given, that the profits of the night were to be assigned to the fund for the relief of those, who should be obliged by their infirmities to retire from the stage. He prepared a prologue for the occasion, and, as it was the last he ever

spoke, we have no doubt but it will be acceptable to the reader.

AN

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

ON THE 10th JUNE, 1776.

A VET'RAN see! whose last act on the stage
Intreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead; plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow feeling makes one wond'rous kind!
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd for end secures,
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they, who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With "*date obolum*," to all they meet?
Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore,
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more,
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain,
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men, who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will, this happy project seize,
That those, too old and weak, may live with ease.

Suppose the babes I smother'd in the tow'r,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting pow'r;

Shall

Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd?
In childhood murder'd, and when murder'd, starv'd!
Matrons half ravish'd, for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation:
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grizly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen forbid it;
Give joy to age, and let'em say—you did it.

To you *, ye Gods! I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdom to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts, may dine?
Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures;
May ev'ry joy you give, be tenfold yours.

* To the Upper Gallery.

THE thought of parting was a heavy weight on Garrick's spirits. His mind was clouded and depressed by a number of reflections that occurred to a man of his sensibility; and yet he not only contrived to write a lively prologue, but, with an air of gaiety, delivered it in his usual manner. Having diverted the audience, and dispelled the gloom that hung over his mind, he went through the part of *Don Felix* with great humour and well-dissembled vivacity. The end of the play was the awful moment. He was then to take his final leave of the public, whose protection he had enjoyed during a number of years. With a countenance that plainly spoke what was working at his heart, he stepped forward, and, after some pause, addressed the audience in the following words, which were on the next day published in the newspapers, and from them

them re-printed in the magazines of that time.

" Ladies and Gentlemen,

" It has been customary with persons under " my circumstances to address you in a " farewell epilogue. I had the same inten- " tion, and turned my thoughts that way; " but I found myself then as incapable of " writing such an epilogue, as I should be " now of speaking it.

" The jingle of rhyme and the language " of fiction would but ill suit my present " feelings.

" This is to me a very awful moment: it " is no less than parting for ever with those, " from whom I have received the greatest

" kindness, and upon the spot, where that
" kindness and your favours were en-
" joyed.

(Here his voice failed him; he paused, till a gush of tears relieved him.)

" Whatever may be the changes of my fu-
" ture life, the deepest impression of your
" kindness will always remain here—here,
" in my heart, fixed, and unalterable.

" I WILL very readily agree to my succes-
" sors having more skill and ability for their
" station than I have had; but I defy them all
" to take more uninterrupted pains for your
" favour, or to be more truely sensible of it,
" than is your grateful humble servant."

HAVING

HAVING uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and in a slow pace, and much hesitation, withdrew for ever from their presence.

THE audience felt their loss; they saw, for the last time, the man, whose character had been given, in the truest colours, by Dr. Browne, in his well known Estimate of the Manners. "Let us," says that author, "search the theatre for the remains of a "manly taste; and here, apparently at least, "it must be acknowledged, we shall find it. "A great genius hath arisen to dignify the "stage, who, when it was sinking into the "lowest insipidity, restored it to the fullness "of its antient splendour, and, with a va-"riety of powers beyond example, established "nature, Shakespeare, and himself."

A PANE-

A PANEGYRIC, of a similar tendency, was published afterwards by Dr. Smollet, in his History of Great Britain. That writer was sensible, that in two of his novels he had misrepresented Mr. Garrick in a strain of malevolence, but he had the candour to declare, that he thought it incumbent on him to make atonement in a work of truth, for the injuries he had done him in a work of fiction. Accordingly, in his review of the liberal arts in the reign of George II. he gave the following passage: "The exhibitions of the "stage were improved to the most exquisite "entertainment by the talents and manage-"ment of Garrick, who greatly surpassed "all his predecessors of this, and, perhaps, "every other nation, in his genius for acting, "in the sweetness and variety of his tones, "the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire

"and

"and vivacity of his action, the elegance "of his attitudes, and the whole pathos of "expression."

Those two characters were most evidently founded in truth. The public saw their great Roscius in the same light, and, therefore, parted with him with the deepest regret. Every face in the theatre was clouded with grief; tears gushed in various parts of the house, and all concurred in one general demonstration of sorrow. The word, farewell, resounded from every quarter, amidst the loudest bursts of applause. The people saw the theatrical sun, which had shone with transcendent lustre, go down beneath the horizon, to rise no more.

On

On the day after Garrick had made his exit, he ordered the whole receipt of the preceding night to be paid to the fund for distressed actors. He had made a present of two houses in Drury-Lane to the managers of of that charitable institution, that they might have a convenient place for the meeting of their committees. Those gentlemen, finding that a room in the theatre answered their purposes, expressed their desire to sell the premises, in order to encrease their stock. Garrick became the purchaser of what he had voluntarily granted, at the price of 370l. and afterwards by his will *, gave back those very houses to the fund.

Articles of agreement for the sale of his half share of the patent had been, some

* See Appendix at the end.

months

months before, executed between him and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. Thomas Lindley, and Richard Ford, M. D. The deeds for the final conclusion of the business were signed without delay by the contracting parties, and Garrick withdrew to his villa at Hampton to pass the evening of his days in peace and rural tranquillity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

GARRICK happy in his Retreat—Is visited by Persons of the highest Rank—His Hospitality—His Attention to the Theatre—His Epilogue to the Comedy of KNOW YOUR OWN MIND—*His warm Approbation of* MR. SHERIDAN'S *Comedy called* THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—*His fine Compliment to that Gentleman—In the Year* 1778 *his Health declined fast, but he still retained his usual Spirits—He continued to give Advice to Dramatic Writers—His letter, probably the last he ever wrote, to his Friend* JESSE FOOT—*Goes on a Visit at Christmas to* Earl SPENCER, *in Northamptonshire—Returns on the* 15*th of January* 1779, *in a desperate State of Health—Dies on the* 20*th of January—On Monday the* 1*st of February following his Remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey—His Funeral attended by a numerous Concourse of all Ranks—A Monument erected to him in Poet's Corner by* ALBANY WALLIS, *lately deceased.*

IN that agreeable retreat he began to breathe a freer air, and to enjoy a pleasing relief from toil and labour. He had there the secret plea-

sure

sure of reflecting on a life well spent. He had run his race, and could sit at the goal, crowned with laurels. He could look back with pleasure, and say with Cicero, that a review of his former conduct afforded the most delightful scene for contemplation: *Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.* To his own conscious pleasure was added the esteem of the best men in the kingdom. He received the visits of the nobility, of the ablest scholars, and the men of genius in every branch of literature. He lived in an elegant style, and to the luxuries of the table added his wit and the polished manner of one who had enjoyed the best company. His behaviour was modest and unassuming; he gave himself no superior airs; and the pride, which a large fortune often inspires, was foreign to his heart. To those, who visited him on account of his talents, he did

did not, like Congreve to Voltaire, say, that he desired to be visited merely as a country gentleman. On the contrary, Shakespeare and dramatic poetry were his favourite topics. To see the theatre in a flourishing state was still the wish of his heart. He came to his house in the *Adelphi* soon after the play-house season began, and was often seen in the boxes. His pen was at the service of his friends. He furnished a beautiful epilogue for this writer's comedy of *Know your own Mind*, which was acted at Covent-Garden in February, 1777. The *School for Scandal* was presented at Drury-Lane in the beginning of May following, and there again we find that Garrick was still at work. His muse furnished the prologue to that excellent comedy. Mr. Sheridan wished to have the opinion of so able a judge. Garrick read the play with close attention,

tention, and spoke of it in all companies with the highest approbation. He attended the rehearsals, and was never known, on any former occasion, to be more anxious for a favourite piece. He was proud of the new manager, and, in a triumphant manner, boasted of the genius, to whom he had consigned the conduct of the theatre. Amidst the praise which he bestowed on Mr. Sheridan's performance, a gentleman said to him, "This is but a single "play, and, at the long-run, will be but a "slender help to support a theatre. To you, "Mr. Garrick I must say, the Atlas, that "propped the stage, has left his station."— "Has he," said Garrick; "If that be the case, "he has found another Hercules to succeed to "the office." He augured the best from a genius that began in so auspicious a manner. It is to be regretted that his prediction has not

been fulfilled. A few more such productions would, with propriety, have fixed on Mr. Sheridan the title of our modern Congreve. An original play from his pen would have added lustre to his name; but it was *infra dignitatem* to retouch and vamp such a motley piece as *Pizarro*, which, instead of unity of design, and the beauty of order and well-connected incidents, has three different actions, and may, therefore, be called, *A Nest of Plays*. It is, in fact, to be lamented that Mr. Sheridan has not thought proper to dedicate his time to the Muses.

——But other views
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.

During the remainder of the year 1777, Garrick continued to enjoy his health, and the company

company of his friends at his villa. The lines, in which Horace makes mention of an athletic pugilist, who had dedicated his *cestus* to Hercules, and retired from the sports of the amphitheatre, struck his fancy.

——————Veianius, armis,
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extrema toties exoret arena.

This passage he thought applicable to himself, and intended to have it painted in large letters on a board to be hung up on a tree in his garden. Whether he ever did so, this writer does not remember.

The year 1778 was not, like the former, an uninterrupted flow of gaiety and social happiness. His complaints were growing to a head,

and frequently returned upon him with acute pain. His courage, however, had not deserted him. He endeavoured to conceal his sufferings, and put on an air of gaiety. His inward malady was undermining his constitution, but he still endeavoured to enjoy the pleasures of society; and his attention to the interest of the theatre was never extinguished. He continued to the last to give his advice to various authors. Mr. Jesse Foot, of Dean Street, Soho, was one of the number. He applied to Mr. Garrick, requesting of him to peruse a tragedy, which he had written, and has never since been produced, though much commended by several able critics. Garrick, in a very handsome manner, declared himself willing to read the piece, but desired that his opinion might be concealed, as he had been of late obliged to avoid a mul-

a multiplicity of such commissions. His letter* upon that occasion was dated the 22d December 1778, and was, we believe, the last he ever wrote.

He was invited to pass the Christmas at Altrop Park, the seat of Earl Spencer, in Northamptonshire. With all his infirmities he had the courage to go on that party of pleasure; but his enjoyment was soon interrupted by a violent attack of his inveterate disorder. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi, on the 15th day of January, 1779. The Doctors Heberden and Warren were called in to his assistance, and such was the regard the faculty had for him, that numbers visited him of their own accord, in order, if possible, to prolong so valuable a life. All was in vain: he la-

* See Appendix, No. XIX.

boured under a complication of infirmities*, which it would be painful to enumerate. During his last four or five days he suffered excruciating pains with great fortitude, and on the 20th of January, 1779, at eight in the morning, he expired without a groan.

On Monday, the 1st of February, his remains were conveyed from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, and deposited in Poet's Corner, near the monument of Shakespeare. The last ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Rochester: a more magnificent funeral was never seen in London. The pall-bearers were

Lord Camden,	Duke of Devonshire,
Earl of Ossory,	Earl Spencer,
The Right Hon. Mr. Rigby,	Viscount Palmerston,
The Hon. Mr. Stanley,	Sir W. W. Wynne,
John Patterson, Esq.	Albany Wallis, Esq.

* See the Appendix, No. XX.

A number of gentlemen of rank and fashion, and almost all the admirers of polite literature, attended to pay their last tribute of regard to the memory of the deceased. The train of carriages reached from Charing-Cross to the abbey. The people in a prodigious concourse lined the way, and by their mournful silence gave the most evident demonstration of their sorrow.

A HANDSOME monument has been lately erected to his memory, by Mr. Albany Wallis, at his own expence. That gentlemen waited for a long time with an idea that orders for that purpose would be given by Mrs. Garrick. Finding at last, upon an application made to that Lady, that nothing of the sort was to be expected from her, Mr. Wallis resolved, in a most liberal manner, to pay that mark of re-

spect to his deceased friend. He employed an ingenious artist to plan and execute the work, and to enable him to go on, placed three hundred pounds in his hands. That money, however, was totally lost, as the statuary became a bankrupt. Mr. Wallis was not deterred by that event; he had recourse to that eminent statuary, Mr. Webber, who finished the business in an elegant stile. The whole, including the former disbursements, amounted to the sum of one thousand pounds. Mr. Wallis has lately paid his debt to nature. It may be said of him, that sepulchral honours are not wanted. When he did honour to the memory of Mr. Garrick *, he raised, by that act of munificence, a monument to himself.

We have now gone through the history of

* See the Inscription, Appendix, No. XXI.

our

our great Roscius in his public capacity. That every thing might be ranged in chronological order, I have marked the several play-house seasons in regular succession, and those dates have served as so many mile-stones to guide me on my way through the whole. On the various plays that occurred, I have made such observations as seemed to me to be founded in truth and justice. They help, at least, to give a complete idea of Garrick's administration; and, besides, they will, in some degree, illustrate the state of dramatic literature in that whole period. Cicero has justly observed, that to be ignorant of the old Roman poets, is a sign of sluggish idleness, or of a most affected and fastidious taste; and, in his judgement, they cannot be deemed learned men, who are unacquainted with the productions of their countrymen. *Rudem enim esse omnino in nostris*

nostris poetis, aut inertissimæ segnitiæ est, aut fastidii delicatissimi. Mihi quidem nulli satis eruditi videntur, quibus nostra ignota sunt *. For this reason, it appeared to me, that an account of the several plays was absolutely requisite; but the lives and characters of the authors would have drawn me into a length foreign to the work in hand. Such digressions would have made a motley mixture, and, with regard to Garrick, would have left little more than a peep behind the curtain.

It now remains, that we fix our stand, as it were, on an eminence, to take a retrospective view of a very extraordinary man, and form a just estimate of his character. For this purpose, Garrick presents himself in four different attitudes. In the first place, as the

* Cicero de Finibus, Lib. I. s. 5.

manager

manager of a theatre; 2dly, as an actor; 3dly, as an author; and 4thly, as a private member of society. In these different points of view we shall here consider him, as succinctly as the subject will admit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

GARRICK *considered as a Manager of the Theatre—The Duty of a Patentee—State of the Drama before* GARRICK *appeared—Subscription by Ladies of Fashion for the Revival of* SHAKESPEARE'S *Plays—Similar Encouragement wanted at present—Observation of* Lord SHAFTESBURY—*Public Taste reformed by* GARRICK—*The true End of Tragedy—Its great Utility—* VOLTAIRE'S *Attempts to depreciate* SHAKESPEARE—GARRICK'S *Admiration of* SHAKESPEARE—*His Regard for our best Tragic Poets—His Attention to the Writers of good Comedy—Encouragement of modern Authors—Moderate Charges on the Author's Benefit-Nights—His Letter on that Subject to* Dr. SMOLLET—GARRICK'S *Liberality to the Performers.*

THE province of a manager is of more importance than seems to be generally imagined. The patentee of a theatre has a great trust reposed in him. The public taste, the honour of old English authors, and the state of dramatic

matic poetry in general, are all committed to his care. Whether he has raised himself to that pre-eminence by the royal grant, or by purchase, he is not to consider himself as a man elevated to that rank merely to follow a lucrative trade. A theatre is not a great warehouse, where scenes, and dresses, show, machinery, and thunder and lightning, are hoarded up for public curiosity. A regular play-house is not to be reduced to the low footing of Sadler's Wells, or the exhibitions of Exeter-Change. Were that the case, it would be sufficient to have a man at the door to bawl and roar, with the lungs of a Stentor, "Walk in "and see the show: walk in, gentlemen and "ladies, and see harlequin jump through his "hat; see Mahomet on the ropes; see *Ra-*"*mah-Droog*, or *Three-fingered Jack*, and "a curious collection of wild exotics, lately

"imported

"imported from Germany." If the cares of a manager have no higher object in view, "Make "money at any rate" might be the rule of his conduct. He might then do all in his power to debauch the public taste, and, by throwing aside all the good plays in our language, make way for whatever springs up on the banks of the Danube, and foreign crudities of every kind. The manager knows that the public must be amused. The people run in crowds to see what is presented to them; and when, by giving nothing worthy of a rational audience, a general apostacy from good sense is brought about and established, a manager may then pretend that he complies with the public taste.

That this was the abject condition of the drama during the whole administration of Mr.

Mr. Rich, is well known. Not one good pla was produced at Covent-Garden, from th days of Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber. Abou the year 1737, a subscription was set on foo by ladies of fashion, who were tired of harle quin and all his tricks, and wished to restor Shakespeare to the stage. A similar institutio would do honour to the present age: it woul recall us to the good old taste for rational en tertainment; and the best plays in the Englis language would no longer be in danger o sinking into oblivion. Should the state of ou theatres continue to degenerate from truth an nature, it is to be hoped that the ladies of th present time will imitate the example left upo record, and stop the inundation of nonsens which has for some time been the reignin fashion.

W

"We go to plays," says Lord Shaftesbury, "as to other shows, and frequent the theatres "as we do the booth; and this may be some "occasion of the laziness and negligence of "authors, who, observing this need, which "our curiosity brings on us, and making an "exact calculation in the way of trade, feed "us from hand to mouth, resolving not to be "at the pains of more correctness or wit "than is necessary to carry on the traffic; "but they have power to work on our "inclinations, and may know by certain "tokens, that their audience is disposed to "receive nobler subjects, and to taste a better "manner than that, which, through indul-"gence to themselves more than to the world, "they are generally pleased to make their "choice."

What

WHAT the noble author has said of poets, is equally applicable to our modern managers. It is in their power, by reviving Shakespeare and Otway, Congreve, and Vanburgh, to shew that they are above the mere traffic, and scorn to keep a mushroon-bed for the production of trash not fit to be brought to market.

THAT this was not the case in Garrick's time, is an honour to his memory. He suffered no invasion from German poets. They were left to amuse the Croats and Pandoors. The English stage, after Booth and Cibber, was reduced to the lowest ebb, but from the time when our famous Roscius appeared at Goodman's Fields, dramatic poetry retrieved its honour, and *Lun* and his favourite harlequin gave way to a just representation of nature, to Shakespeare, and Garrick. The first season,

in which he commenced manager, began in September 1747. From that time a new æra opened on mankind, and the stage was revived in all its lustre. It is not to be supposed, nor indeed expected, that he should have no views to his own interest, and that of Mr. Lacy, his partner in the patent. But he did not consider himself as a trader in possession of a great warehouse; he felt a nobler motive. To make truth, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, diffuse her radiance from the stage was his great ambition. This was known to Mr. William Whitehead, who addressed an elegant poem* to him, with a fair design to confirm his resolution, and persuade him to persevere in so great an undertaking. The two following lines made a deep impression on Garrick's mind:

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps, a nation's virtue too.

* See the Appendix, No. XXII.

He adopted the sentiment, which was congenial to his own disposition, and ever after made it the rule of his conduct. A true taste and manly relish for moral and instructive composition soon prevailed, and the public ear was formed to refined pleasures, to the true sublime, to the tones of nature and harmonious numbers. Our great reformer of the stage banished rant and noise, and the swell of unnatural elocution from tragedy, and buffoonery from comedy. Shakespeare rose, as it were, from his tomb, and broke out at once in all his lustre, *exortus uti ætherius sol.* A subscription among ladies of quality was no longer necessary. A great tragic poet, according to Horace, performs greater feats than the most expert rope-dancer.

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis,

Pope's version is beautiful:

'Tis he, who gives my heart a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, and through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

According to Horace, Shakespeare may be called a great tragic rope-dancer, and the public were taught by Garrick to prefer him to the vaulting Turk. The pleasure of the eye was transferred to the ear. To accomplish this great reform was Garrick's plan through the whole course of his management. He corrected the public taste, and by incessant labour made the stage the school of virtue and useful knowledge; and this assertion is

so far from being a strained panegyric, that it will be found, upon due consideration, to be founded in truth.

The end which tragedy has in view is to present a true display of happiness or misery resulting from human actions. We are taught by the catastrophe to avoid the errors that involve the agents in certain ruin, and to pursue the road that leads to happiness. A generous sympathy diffuses itself through the whole audience; our social feelings are kept in exercise; we rejoice to see virtue soar above tyranny, oppression, and the stratagems of ill-designing men; and when villainy succeeds, we burn with indignation. By a variety of mixed emotions we are kept in that happy state of mind, that feels, with conscious pleasure, that the affections, implanted in us

by the hand of nature, are awake within us, and that our inward frame is preserved in due balance and regular order.

Nor is this all; by a just picture of former times, and the characters of men, who figured on the stage of the world, our knowledge is greatly enlarged. From a good tragedy men resort to the page of history, and there acquire a stock of information, which might otherwise escape their notice. Garrick saw these consequences in their true light. He considered tragedy as a mirror held up, in which the frequenters of the theatre might see passing before them the various transactions of ancient times. For that reason, he was ever anxious, as we have seen in the preceding narrative, to bring forward the productions of our best authors. Dramatic poetry, in his opinion, was

an

an important branch of polite literature, in which the honour of his country was concerned. It was in vain that Voltaire, with a weak endeavour to aggrandize himself, employed his pen to depreciate the genius of such a poet as Shakespeare; it was in vain that he charged him with monstrous farces; in vain he took upon him to deny all dramatic genius to the English nation. Some of the best plays of Racine had justice done them in the translation, and also on the stage; and several of Voltaire's tragedies were represented with due care and attention. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, exerted their best abilities in *Mahomet*, *Merope*, and *Zaira*. The pieces were respectable; the unities of action, time, and place, were strictly observed; but the speeches, even in scenes of vehemence, were long, cold, and tedious, in a stile of decla-

mation, without passion, warmth, or energy. How different are the great scenes of Shakespeare? That extraordinary man either had not read, or paid no regard to the precepts of Aristotle. He broke through the primary rules of that philosophic critic, but he never forgot the grand rule of all, which is, to rouse, to pierce the heart, and raise the passions to their full tumult of emotion.

THIS is the true end of tragedy; and in this point of view our immortal bard is superior to the writers of every age, from the most flourishing periods of Greece and Rome, down to Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, and the self-applauded Voltaire. Garrick, with exultation, saw that this was the case; he saw, moreover, that we had a constellation of eminent poets; he gloried in the triumph of his country, and

through

through the whole course of his time made it his study to make the tragedies of our best authors the staple commodity of the theatre.

His cares were at the same time extended to comedy, that other great province of the drama, in which the manners are the main object. The poet of genius, who wishes to shew himself a master in his art, makes it his study to exhibit the turns and windings of the inward frame; the temper of the man; the foibles that warp and distort his conduct; and the humours, that gather to a head, and render him odd, extravagant, and eccentric. Farce cannot be deemed an exact and legitimate species of the drama; it delights in exaggeration, and, in every portrait, enlarges the features beyond their true proportion; instead of real character, it gives an over-

charged

charged caricature; but the strong colouring has its moral use, and by the power of well-directed ridicule contributes to the good of society.

THESE several branches of the drama Garrick found committed to his care. They flourished under his management, as we have seen in the history of his theatrical life, and our good old authors delighted the public ear. Nor was his attention confined to the productions of the last century: by his liberal behaviour he excited a spirit of emulation among the most celebrated classic scholars of his time. His playhouse, for some years, held no more than two hundred and twenty pounds: during that period, the charge on the author's night was sixty guineas, as may be seen in his letter to Dr. Smollet.* In 1762, the house was

*See Appendix, No. XXIII.

enlarged

enlarged to a receipt of three hundred and thirty-five. In consequence of that alteration, he raised the deduction from the author's benefit to seventy guineas, with some small additional articles. He scorned to alledge that the architect's bill amounted to a large sum, and, under that pretext, to encrease his demand; on the contrary, it was with him a fixed principle, that authors were intitled to the emolument of their labours, and by that generous way of thinking, he held out an invitation to men of genius. Upon this occasion, it will not be improper to ask, when the modern theatres are enlarged to an enormous size, and the public, with a spirit that does them honour, agreed to the proposal for advancing the price of admittance, at such a time can the writers for the stage boast of the same encouragement?

GARRICK

GARRICK did not confine his liberality to the authors, who supplied him with novelty. He persevered in the same line of conduct to the performers employed in his service. To see them reap the profits of their industry was his constant wish. To serve their interests he was sure to act some favourite character on their benefit-nights. Not content with giving them that assistance, we have seen his muse employed in various farces to be acted for their advantage. By these means he saw his actors happy in their situation. Men of genius from Oxford and Cambridge resorted with pleasure to a manager, who was ever ready to give them the reception due to gentlemen and scholars. During part of the time, Covent-Garden Theatre was the palace of *Lun* and *Harlequin*; under Mr. Beard, who succeeded to Rich, it was an opera-house; but Drury-

Lane

Lane was the seat of the muses. Dramatic poetry was universally in vogue, and served as a supplement to the laws, to give the noblest precepts of civil and moral conduct. Even after his retreat from the stage, he still continued to extend his cares and best assistance to the new managers. Of this Mr. Sheridan was highly sensible, as appears in the elegant poem * dedicated to Garrick's memory.

* See Appendix, No. XXIV.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

GARRICK considered as an Actor—Impossible to describe him properly—COLLEY CIBBER's Account of BETTERTON, but acknowledged to be inferior to the Actor's Merit—His Description of BETTERTON in HAMLET—The same applicable to GARRICK—GARRICK's Person, his Sensibility, his Voice, his Command of the Passions—The best Description of GARRICK to be found in SHAKESPEARE—Anecdote of Mr. SHIREFF, the famous Miniature Painter—His Intimacy with GARRICK—Though Deaf and Dumb he admired him as an Actor—Mr. SHIREFF's Reasons explained by Himself.

AS an actor it is impossible that Garrick should receive the justice due to his merit from the pen of any writer whatever. To form an adequate idea of such a genius, it is necessary that he should be seen, heard, and felt. Ovid has

has a short description pointedly applicable to him:

——————Non illo jussos solertius alter
Exprimit incessus, vultumque, modumque loquendi.

But when we have said with the Roman poet, that he was graceful in his movements, that his countenance expressed his inmost feelings, and his elocution was consonant to every passion and sentiment, how far will that description go towards a full and just idea of the performer? Colley Cibber was eminent in his profession, and a close observer of the talents of his contemporaries; but when he attempts to give a portrait of Betterton, he finds himself unequal to the task. He is obliged to stop short, and say, "Pity it is that the momentary "beauties flowing from an harmonious elo-"cution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their

"own

"own record; that the animated graces of
"the player can live no longer than the in-
"stant breath and motion that presents them,
"or, at best, can but faintly glimmer through
"the memory of a few surviving spectators.
"Could how Betterton spoke be as easily
"known as what he spoke, then might we
"see the muse of Shakespeare in her triumph,
"with all her beauties in her best array, rising
"into real life, and charming the beholders.
"But alas! since all this is so far out of the
"reach of description, how shall I shew you
"Betterton?"

CIBBER's reasoning is founded on good sense. The same difficulty stands in our way with regard to Garrick. His imagination was so strong and powerful, that he transformed himself into the man he represented, and his sensibility

sibility was so quick, that every sentiment took immediate possession of him. Before he uttered a word, the varying passions began to work, and wrought such rapid changes in his features, in his action, his attitudes, and the expression of his eye, that he was, almost every moment, a new man: *Velox mente nova.*

CIBBER, in his account of his favourite actor, does not descend, as much as might be expected, into minute particulars. We have a single attempt of the sort with regard to Betterton in the character of *Hamlet.* "On "the appearance of the *Ghost,* his passion "never rose beyond an almost breathless as- "tonishment, or, an impatience, limited by "filial reverence, to enquire into the suspected "wrongs that may have raised him from his "peaceful tomb. Betterton opened the scene

" with a pause of mute amazement; then " rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, he " made the ghost equally terrible to the specta- " tors as to himself." This is an exact description of Garrick. In this situation, the two great actors seem to vie with each other; but when we are told, that Betterton's person was suitable to his voice (which was more manly than sweet) and that he did not exceed the middle stature, inclining to the corpulent, of a serious and penetrating aspect, his limbs nearer to the athletic than the delicate proportion; after all these particulars we may fairly say, that Garrick gains a complete victory. Like Betterton he did not rise above the middle size, but he was of a delicate frame, his limbs in just proportion; his voice clear and melodious, and his eyes looked the very soul. The passions, and all their operations, were his constant

stant study; their turns, and counter-turns, their flux and reflux, and all their various conflicts, were perfectly known to him; he marked the celerity with which they rise and shift; how they often blend, unite, and raise, one mixed emotion, till all within is in a state of insurrection. Many of his great parts in tragedy were so many lectures on the subject. Hutcheson on the passions does not give so clear an analysis. In his great scenes and trying situations, he was a spectacle to be gazed at with wonder and applause. There is an admired passage in Virgil, which has been often applied to Garrick:

——————Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.

The lines are beautiful; they give a lively image

of a mind rent and torn by a whirlwind of mixed passions; but still they are no more than a general description. It is to Shakespeare we must look for a picture of his great scholar.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Should force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit!

All, who remember Garrick, will recognize him in those admirable lines; but to those, who never saw him, they will give no adequate idea.

We shall conclude this article with an anecdote, which we imagine will not be unentertaining.

taining. This writer, about three years ago, dined with Mr. Heriot, the proprietor of the True Briton. Mr. Shireff, a painter, well known in the metropolis and at Bath, and brother to Mrs. Heriot, was one of the company. He was announced as a person both deaf and dumb, and he was so in fact; but under the tuition of a skilful master in Scotland, he was so trained up as to understand the English language perfectly well. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, and also of Garrick, with whom he became acquainted. His introduction to Roscius was occasioned in the following manner. About the year 1773, Mr. Shireff, then a young miniature-painter, arrived in London from Edinburgh, and brought with him letters of recommendation to several lovers and encouragers of the arts, and particularly to Caleb

Whiteford, Esq. That gentleman was highly pleased with the character of the young painter, and was much struck by such a phenomenon, as that of a person, deaf and dumb from his cradle, and yet so completely master of the English language, as to be able to read our best poets, and to write in a correct and even elegant stile. Mr. Whiteford found, that, when any of Shakespeare's plays was performed, and, particularly, when Garrick acted, young Shireff was sure to be present, professing that he was the actor whom he best understood. When the play was over, he used to act in dumb show the whole of Garrick's performance, and expressed an earnest wish to be introduced to so fine an imitator of nature. Mr. Whiteford was soon determined to comply with Mr. Shireff's request, and, after turning the matter in his mind, the following expedient

pedient appeared to him the surest way to carry the point. He wrote in Shireff's name a short copy of verses in commendation of the actor's extraordinary powers, and conveyed them to Mr. Garrick.

When Britain's Roscius on the stage appears,
Who charms all eyes, and, I am told, all ears,
With ease the various passions I can trace,
Clearly reflected from that wond'rous face;
While true conceptions, with just action join'd,
Strongly impress each image on my mind.
What need of sound? when plainly I descry
Th' expressive features, and the speaking eye;
That eye, whose bright and penetrating ray
Does Shakespeare's meaning to my soul convey.
Blest commentator on great Shakespeare's text!
When Garrick acts, no passage seems perplext.

These lines were presented to the manager, who, as was natural, read them with astonishment. He had been often celebrated by various writers, but praise from the *deaf and*

dumb was new and extraordinary. He expressed a strong desire to see the youth, who was both painter and poet. Accordingly Mr. Whiteford conducted him to Southampton-street, where he was most cordially received. The scene was curious and interesting. Garrick continued from that time to entertain a friendship for so ingenious an artist, and rendered him every service in his power. The verses he always thought were the production of Mr. Shireff, and on that point he was never undeceived.

THIS was the gentleman, who dined with the party at Mr. Heriot's. When the company were seated at table, this writer was told, that, if he held up his finger, and spelt his words in the air, he might carry on a conversation. He tried the experiment, and found

found that it answered. Being told that Mr. Shireff was acquainted with Garrick, and admired him as an actor, he put the following questions to him:—"Did you know Garrick?" "Yes," in a very inarticulate sound.—"Did you ever see him act?"—"Yes."—"Did you "admire him?"—"Yes."—"How could that "be, when you could not hear him, and, "of course, could not understand him?"—The answer was unintelligible. Mr. and Mrs. Heriot were used to his manner; at their desire, the question was repeated, and the answer, when explained, astonished the whole company. Mr. Shireff's reply was, *Garrick's face was a language.* To prove that it was so, Mr. Shireff stood up after dinner, and, muttering uncouth sounds, went through the part of *Richard III.* by his deportment, his action, and the most significant looks,

looks, distinguishing every scene and all the various situations of *Richard* from the beginning to his death in Bosworth field. Hence a judgement may be formed of the actor, who could play before the deaf and dumb, and make them capable. *His face was a language!*

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

GARRICK considered as an Author—His early Love of Poetry under Dr. JOHNSON, *at Litchfield—He was not an Author by Profession—His Time otherwise employed—His great Ability shown in the Comedy of* THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—*The real Excellence of his Farces—The great Number of his Prologues and Epilogues—No good Edition of* GARRICK'S *Works—That still remains a Desideratum in Literature.*

WE are now to consider Garrick in the character of an author, but not an author by profession. The duties of his station engrossed so much of his time, that it is not a little surprizing, that constant labour had not weaned him entirely from the Muses. It seems that his

his close connection with Dr. Johnson at Litchfield, gave him an early turn for versification. In his youth he tasted the Pierian spring, and the seeds of poetry, which were sown in that season, grew up in so fertile a soil, and occasionally broke forth of their own accord. If we except the pleasures he enjoyed in conversation with his friends, poetical composition was his chief recreation from the fatigue of his profession. He might say to the Muses,

> Finire quærentem labores,
> Pierio recreatis antro.

But he was a poet by fits and starts. Had it suited him to dedicate his hours to a regular course of application, there can be no doubt but he would have been equal to some important work. The comedy of the *Clandestine*

tine Marriage is a sufficient proof, that it was in his power to rise to eminence in the line of dramatic poetry, since we see, that when he had leisure on the Continent to attend to that piece, he was able by his advice to Colman, and his own share in the principal character of *Lord Oglelby*, to produce one of the best modern comedies. He is, however, to be considered as an occasional adventurer, and yet his quick and lively genius contributed largely to give variety to the public entertainment. His various productions have been stated in chronological order, and, after a fair review of them, we may venture to pronounce, that he has left to all succeeding managers, *sua si bona norint!* some of the best farces on the English stage.

WHAT shall we say of his Prologues and Epilogues? they are no less than four-score. Dryden had a mint for productions of that kind; but his list does not amount to one half of Garrick's. It is true that Dryden was a great master of versification, but he had caught the contagion of licentiousness that prevailed in the reign of Charles II. We have too many allusions to bawds, women of pleasure, and dissipated rakes. Their amours are mentioned in a stile too gross for modest ears. And yet, by such indecent poetry, Dryden, as Dr. Johnson expressed it,

——— aspires to lasting praise,
And proudly hopes to pimp in future days.

In Garrick's Prologues and Epilogues there is not a word offensive to a modest ear; all is gaiety

gaiety and innocent mirth. What ease in the versification! what quick and lively strokes of wit! what variety of invention! we have not yet been favoured with a complete edition of his works. Shortly after his death, Dr. Johnson was told in a large company, "You are "recent from the Lives of the Poets; why not "add your friend Garrick to the number?" Johnson's answer was, "I do not like to be "officious; but if Mrs. Garrick will desire me "to do it, I shall be very willing to pay that "last tribute to the memory of a man I loved." This writer took care to have that sentiment conveyed to Mrs. Garrick by her deceased husband's nephew, David Garrick, who lived near her on the banks of the Thames at Hampton. No answer was ever received, and from that time Garrick's works seem to be consigned to oblivion. It is, however, still to be hoped, that

that such an undertaking may meet with encouragement from the patrons of literature: but, as Vida says,

——— Si quis tamen usquam est
Primores inter nostros qui talia curet.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

GARRICK *in Private Life—His Wit—His Manners—His Amiable Qualities—Avarice imputed to him by his Enemies—His Conduct in Affluence—His Hospitality—His Readiness to assist his Friends—His Munificence to Persons in Distress*—Dr. JOHNSON's *Account of his Liberality to such Objects—His Family Affections—The Love of Fame his ruling Passion—His Politeness in Conversation—Literature and Dramatic Poetry his favourite Topics—His Attachment to the Constitution—His Loyalty—His Aversion to Political Disputes—His* ODE *on the Death of* Mr. PELHAM—*His* PROLOGUE *on the 4th of June, in the First of his Majesty's Reign—Was always in high Esteem with the most Illustrious Men in the Kingdom—The great* Lord CHATHAM's *Poetical Epistle, inviting* GARRICK *to Burton-Pynsent—Conclusion.*

HAVING now seen Mr. Garrick in three departments of his public life, we come in the last place to view him as a member of the community, in the sphere of private life. It is

well known that he was a man of the most lively turn, possessed of a great fund of wit, polished in his manners, and admired by his numerous acquaintance for his amiable qualities. His natural affections, whether of the selfish or the social kind, were kept within due bounds, always on an even balance. In the outset of life, when his means were slender, he was a strict observer of œconomy. His enemies gave it the name of avarice. In the course of time, when wealth flowed in upon him in a tide of success, they saw their error, but were unwilling to retract it. As soon as his circumstances could afford it, he was distinguished by hospitality and munificence. He loved his friends, and his purse was often at their service. There are gentlemen now living, who, in the hour of need, experienced his liberality. He lent them his money, and, though they

they afterwards behaved with honour, they must allow, that at the time of the transaction, their security was rather precarious. Mr. Christie, of Pall-Mall, tells an instance, that he himself experienced, of Garrick's generous way of thinking, and he tells it at this day, with a heart overflowing with gratitude. He had suffered a loss to a very large amount by the death of Chase Price, Esq. a gentleman, at that time, universally admired for his wit and humour. It happened that Christie took a ride to Hampton with his friend Albany Wallis, who walked in the garden with Mr. Garrick, and told him the particulars of his friend's distress. After dinner, Garrick called Christie into another room, "And what," he said, "is this story, that I hear from Mr. Wallis? "If five thousand pounds will extricate you out "of your difficulty, come here with Wallis any

" day you please, and you shall have the " money." This is the account of a living witness, whose grateful remembrance is an honour to his character.

To merit in distress Garrick's benevolence was sure to be extended. Dr. Johnson has been often heard to say, that when he saw a worthy family in distress, it was his custom to collect charity among such of his friends, as he knew to be in a state of affluence; and, on those occasions, he received from Garrick more than from any other person, and always more than he expected. It is unnecessary to add, that he was a good brother and the best of husbands. One passion he had, which gained an entire ascendant over him, and that was an eager anxiety about his fame. It has been said by this writer in a former work, that he lived in a

whispering

whispering gallery. Insidious tatlers and ill-designing tale-bearers had his ear, and often occasioned strange revolutions in his temper. This failing may be called the *avarice of fame*; but it was his only avarice; *præter laudem nullius avarus.* To his many amiable qualities he added those accomplishments, which are emphatically called by Cicero, *Virtutes leniores*, and by a philosopher of our own, the *lesser morals.* Polite and liberal conversation was his delight. Literature and dramatic poetry were to the last his favourite topics. Political discussions he wished to avoid. If the company chose those subjects, he listened with politeness, but was guarded in what he said. True to his King and the Constitution, he declined all disputes about Whig and Tory. Mr. Pelham was the minister whom he admired, as may be seen in his Ode on the death

of that great man. The poem has no unnatural flights, no fiction, no gigantic phraseology: It is the language of the heart, *simplex munditiis*, plain and elegant, neat and pathetic *.

GARRICK's political principles are displayed in his Tributary Verses on Mr. Pelham, but made no part of his conversation. General topics were more agreeable to his way of thinking. His gaiety was brilliant, and always within the bounds of decorum. A wit, without spleen, or ill-nature; a scholar without pride or pedantry; a master of ridicule, but free from personal malice. He diverted his company, without ostentation or affected airs of superiority; always pleasant, lively, and ingenious. A stranger to all factions, uncon-

* See Appendix, No. XXV.

nected

nected with parties or their ambitious leaders, he was contented with the character of an honest member of society, who had the welfare of his country warm at his heart. His political principles are contained in a Prologue spoken by him at the end of the season in June 1761, soon after his present Majesty ascended the throne *. Garrick's principles were universally known: his death was lamented by all who had felt the powers of his transcendant genius, and in that number may be reckoned a female mourner, a lady of distinguished talents, who published a pathetic Elegy on his death †. That a man of his amiable character lived in the highest favour with the first men in the kingdom, cannot be deemed matter of doubt or wonder. Were it necessary to prove the fact, a muster-roll of

* See Appendix, No. XXVI. † See Appendix, No. XXVII.

illustrious names might be produced; but one great instance will serve to crown the whole. Garrick was on a visit at Mount-Edgecumbe, when the Earl of Chatham sent him, from his seat at Burton-Pinsent in Somersetshire, an invitation in the following elegant lines:

Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay,
To my plain roof repair, primæval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet;
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind;
A statesman without pow'r, and free from gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all!
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone of freedom and the laws!
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres, deck our plain,
And interspers'd a heart-enliv'ning train
Of sportive children frolick o'er the green;
Pure love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy!—glass of ev'ry age!
Come, taste the simple life of patriots old,
Who rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp and gold.

To

To this testimony, from a nobleman of the brightest genius, and the most firm integrity, can any thing be added? It is a perpetual monument, raised by the great Earl of Chatham to the memory of Mr. Garrick.

THE conclusion from the whole is, that our English Roscius was an ornament of the age in which he lived, the restorer of dramatic literature, and the great reformer of the public taste. In his time, the theatre engrossed the minds of men to such a degree, that it may now be said, that there existed in England a *fourth estate*, King, Lords, and Commons, and *Drury-Lane play-house*.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

To the Rev. Mr. Colson.

Litchfield, 1737.

My dear old Friend,

HAVING not been in town since the year 1731, you will the less wonder at seeing a letter from me; but I have the pleasure of hearing of you sometimes in the prints, and am

am glad to see you are daily throwing in your valuable contributions to the republic of letters.

But the present occasion of my writing is a favour I have to ask of you. My neighbour, Captain Garrick, who is an honest valuable man, has a son, who is a very sensible young man, and a good scholar, and whom the Captain hopes, in some two or three years, he shall send to the temple, and breed to the bar; but at present his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the university. I have proposed your taking him, if you like well of it, and your boarding him, and instructing him in the mathematics, philosophy, and human learning. He is now nineteen, of sober and good disposition, and is as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life.

Few

Few instructions on your side will do, and, in the intervals of study, he will be an agreeable companion for you. His father will be glad to pay you whatever you shall require within his reach. I shall think myself very much obliged into the bargain.

GILB. WALMSLEY.

No. II.

No. II.

To the Rev. Mr. Colson.

Litchfield, March 2d.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but cannot say I had a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship, as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications; and had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the

the university, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is.

He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. S. Johnson, set out this morning for London together. Davy Garrick is to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy-writer. If it should any ways lay in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

G. WALMSLEY.

No. III.

No. III.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

WEDDING DAY.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

We must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope
you'll not be offended
At an accident that has happened to night, not in the
least intended
I assure you: if you please, your money shall be
return'd; but Mr. Garrick to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately

Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible
having so long a part,
To speak the prologue: he has'nt had time to get it
by heart.
I have been with the author, to know what's to be
done,
" For, 'till the prologue's spoke, Sir," says I, " we
" can't go on."
" Pshaw! rot the prologue," says he, " then begin
" without it;"
I told him 'twas impossible, you'ld make such a rout
about it:
Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented, and I dare
say
Such an attempt, Sir, would make'em damn the
play.
" Ha! damn my play!" the frighted bard replies,
" Dear Macklin, you must go on then and apologize."
" Apologize! not I: pray, Sir, excuse me:"
" Zounds! something must be done: prithee, don't
" refuse me;

"Prithee, go on; tell them, to damn my play,
"would be a damn'd hard case;
"Come, do! you've a good, long, dismal, mercy-
"begging face."
"Sir, your humble servant; you're very merry;"
"yes, says he, I've been drinking,
"To raise my spirits; for, by Jupiter, I found 'em
"sinking."

So away went he to see the play: O! there he sits;
Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.
Is'nt he finely situated for a damning? Oh! a shrill whistle! Oh! direful yell!
As *Falstaff* says, would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all were well!
What think you now?—whose face looks worst?—yours or mine?
Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged nine!
You'd better stuck to honest *Abraham Adams*, by half,
He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh.

But

But to the prologue:—what shall I say? why, faith,
in my sense,
I take plain truth to be the best defence.
I think then, it was horrid stuff; and, in my humble
apprehension,
Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention,
I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it:
Hip!—take courage man; never fear; don't be de-
jected.
Poor devil! he can't stand it! he has drawn in his
head;
I reckon, before the play's done, he'll be half
dead.
But to the prologue: it began—
"To-night the comic author of to-day,
"Has writ—a—a—something about a play;
"And as the bee—the bee! (that he brings by way
"of simile) the bee, which roves
"Through—through—pshaw! pox o'my memory!
"O! through fields and groves,

"So comic poets in fair London town,
"To cull the flow'rs of characters wander up and
"down."
Then there was a good deal about Rome, and Athens,
and dramatic rules,
And characters of knaves, and courtiers, authors,
and fools;
And a vast deal about critics, and good nature, and
the poor author's fear;
And, I think, there was a something about a third
night, hoping to see you here!
'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old prologue cant; and then at last concludes,
thus kindly greeting;
"To you the critic jury of the pit,
"Our culprit-author does his cause submit:
"With justice, nay, with candour, judge his wit.
"Give him, at least, a patient quiet hearing:
"If guilty, damn him;—if not guilty, clear him.

No. IV.

To the Author of the London Daily Post.

Sir,

AS there have been many reports to my prejudice, I desire you will publish the true and only reason why I have not yet appeared upon the stage this winter. Many of the persons concerned in the late struggle with the manager might have been left destitute had I deserted them; therefore, I thought it incumbent on me to endeavour at their reconciliation with my own, upon reasonable terms;

this I have almost accomplished, and hope I am excusable for not playing till it is determined.

No. IV.

THO' I am sensible my affairs are too inconsiderable to be laid before the public, yet as I am their servant, and have been so much favoured with their indulgence, I thought it my duty to convince them that it is neither obstinacy or exorbitancy, but a quite different motive, that detains me so long from doing my utmost to contribute to their entertainment.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

25th November, 1743.

THE

THE

CASE

OF

CHARLES MACKLIN,

COMEDIAN.

I BEG leave humbly to make this address to the public; reflecting, notwithstanding my own insignificancy, that persons of the highest rank have frequently paid a regard to the theatre, and condescended, not only to applaud the merit, but sometimes to look down upon the distress, of an actor.

It is from hence, and in order to vindicate myself from many injurious aspersions levelled against me, without any foundation in fact or equity, that I presume to exhibit a short state of the contest between Mr. Garrick and myself.

At the beginning of the last season Mr. Garrick and I entered into a strict friendship together, and mutually engaged to adhere to each other, and not to act upon separate stages. Towards the end of the season, Mr. Garrick, upon some disgust at the manager, publicly protested that he would never act again under him; and accordingly he desisted from acting for about three weeks together in May last. At this time I was entering upon a treaty with Mr. Fleetwood for the present season, and was offered the same salary and advantages

advantages I received for the last, with an advancement of 200l. Mr. Fleetwood pressing me to conclude the agreement, which I declined out of a strict regard to my engagement with Mr. Garrick.

Soon afterwards it was reported that Mr. Quin and Mr. Garrick were entering into an agreement to act together, upon which Mr. Fleetwood urged me again to engage myself to him; but when I communicated this to Mr. Garrick, he insisted that I should refuse, upon any terms whatever, to enter into any engagement.

The intended agreement between Mr. Quin and Mr. Garrick being afterwards dropped, Mr. Garrick told me that he was determined to take the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; and

and desired me to go, in his name, to Mr. Rich, to treat for that house; the proposals for which were delivered to Mr. Rich in Mr. Garrick's own writing. But this scheme likewise failed, as Mr. Garrick would be tied to the house only for one year certain.

After these projects and disappointments, when I enquired of Mr. Garrick how we were to proceed, he solemnly declared and protested to me upon every occasion, that he would never desert me, but that we should share our theatrical fortunes together, according to the proportion we held under Mr. Fleetwood; frequently telling me, that at the worst we might both go to Ireland, and be able to gain there very nearly as much as we had received from the manager.

This

THIS was to be our dernier resort, according to Mr. Garrick's own frequent declaration; after which I beg leave to submit it to the public, whether I have not cause to complain, if it be true, as he has declared to me himself, that he has entered into engagements with Mr. Fleetwood, without my knowledge or consent; and, upon being admitted himself, has agreed, that I shall absolutely be excluded from the theatre.

THIS is heightened with great cruelty, by a charge, which is levelled against me, of ingratitude; a crime which I have the utmost abhorrence of, and am sensibly affected with the bare imputation of it; but I have not apprehended, because a gentleman has acted towards me with humanity in my distress, that, therefore, he has an absolute right over me,

me, and to load me with oppression as long as I live. At the same time I bear, and shall always continue to bear, a thankful remembrance of all Mr. Fleetwood's favours upon that melancholy occasion.

Nothing but a just detestation of the sin of ingratitude, and a passionate desire to clear myself from it, could induce me to mention a circumstance so shocking to myself. It has been extremely ungenerous in some persons to propagate this cruel imputation against me, and publicly to declare it the real foundation, upon which I am to be absolutely deprived of my livelihood, when the truth is, that not my propensity to ingratitude, but a contrary principle, my steadiness and attachment to all my obligations, has made me the mark of severity.

That

THAT I long acted with particular zeal to Mr. Fleetwood, under a series of subsequent oppressions, may shortly appear in a letter, which it is my intention to publish upon this subject. And I do solemnly aver in this place, that I was not the ring-leader of this secession from Mr. Fleetwood, but concurred in it merely by the influence of Mr. Garrick.

IN my present situation, Mr. Garrick, under pretence of a tender feeling for my misfortune, has thought fit to make me the following injurious proposal; that I should receive 6l. a week, playhouse pay, out of his pocket; and that my wife should be admitted into Mr. Rich's theatre at 3l. a week, playhouse pay; upon which terms he has the weakness to imagine, that he acts like a man of integrity, and

and that I have no cause left of complaint. But not to enter into the fallacy and ensnaring conditions of these proposals, which are only for this season, and are calculated to exclude me for ever from the theatre, they carry this evident baseness in their front, that their author, instead of adhering to his engagements, wilfully breaks them, and instead of taking shame to himself for his treachery, insolently assumes the air of generosity to the man he betrays.

But, that my desire of accepting any reasonable terms may clearly appear, I beg leave to declare, that I shall thankfully receive from Mr. Fleetwood three-fourths of the same weekly salary for myself and my wife for the remainder of this season, with our benefits, which we had last season, or whatever other terms

terms shall be judged to be reasonable, by any three impartial gentlemen.

THE foregoing is a just detail of Mr. Garrick's conduct, which I presume he will not venture to deny, as he has acknowledged most of the particulars to gentlemen of honor and veracity.

AND now I humbly submit my case to the public, hoping, that a desire to vindicate myself from cruel aspersions, and to preserve that portion of their favor which they have honoured me with, will never be deemed unbecoming an actor who has made it his ambition to obtain their applause, and thought it his duty to consider himself as their servant.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

December 5, 1743.

To

To the Public.

WHEREAS an appeal to the town has this day been dispersed by Mr. Macklin, in which are contained many false and injurious assertions, calculated merely to prejudice me this night, I humbly hope the public will suspend their judgement, until, by a fair state of the case, which shall be published in a day or two, I shall endeavour to convince them of my integrity, with regard to my engagements with Mr. Macklin, or any other comedian.

DAVID GARRICK.

5th December, 1743.

Mr.

MR. GARRICK's ANSWER

TO

MR. MACKLIN's CASE.

ON Tuesday morning was published the case of Mr. Macklin, in which were contained many falsehoods, prejudicial to my character and interest. The unjust and dishonest methods he took to disturb the audience, and prejudice my performance, without giving me time to answer him, may convince the public to what mean arts he was reduced, to injure the man who has behaved to him with the strictest in-

tegrity and friendship; as may appear from the following sincere detail of what passed between him and me upon the subject of his pretended grievances.

In this detail, I shall not make use of any art of writing, which Mr. Macklin so much affects, as I am convinced, that the naked state of the facts on my side will operate more strongly on the Public, than the most powerful enchantment of words; the only and the mean recourse of those who have not truth on their side.

The engagements I was under to share theatrical fortunes with Mr. Macklin, though prior, were not stronger than, nor any way different from those, which we both entered into with that part of the company, which thought themselves

selves aggrieved. Our particular engagement every man of common sense must understand to be engrafted into that posterior and more general one, which we entered into of the same nature, since Mr. Macklin himself consented to make the other players parties in it, and thought their agreeing to it of such importance, that he then proposed to have the joint agreement of the wholy body reduced to writing, that the obligation might be equally and mutually binding upon us all. By this it became a common cause, without any special separate distinctions in favour of Mr. Macklin, and was to be prosecuted or dropt, as the general sense and interest of the whole contracting parties should direct.

THIS engagement was not a mere matter of resentment only, but of interest likewise.

WE had applied to the Lord Chamberlain for a licence: but failing, we thought that our business now was, not how to pursue, but how to get rid, of our engagements in the best manner we could.

THE prudential consideration then took place, in what manner the distresses of our disappointed party were to be prevented or relieved.

To apply to the manager was the natural recourse of those, whose necessities were most pressing. Every man in the company (Mr. Macklin excepted) thought that our disappointment rendered it consistent, not only with our interest, but our honour, to provide for ourselves.

THE

THE manager perhaps thinking that I was of most importance to his interest, solicited me strongly to return to the house, which I absolutely refused, unless provision was made for those, who had entered into the above engagement. The distresses of the other parties rendered it absolutely necessary for them to wish for a reconciliation. The great objection with the manager lay against Mr. Macklin; and though in common justice I did not think that the engagements I was under to Mr. Macklin ought to be balanced with those I was under to the whole body of the other players, yet I made it a point not to engage with Mr. Fleetwood, without a total comprehension. At the same time I most sincerely laboured to get the better of the manager's private and personal reasons for excepting Mr. Macklin. I offered to subject myself, under a penalty, to

answer for his behaviour, provided Mr. Macklin was taken in. On the other hand, my concern for the other players, made me earnestly wish, that some means might be found, how to make it Mr. Macklin's interest to be easy, in case the reasons of the manager against him should prove to be invincible.

For this purpose, a meeting of four gentlemen (two of them named by Mr. Macklin and two by me) was proposed and accepted. In this meeting, I offered to provide for Mrs. Macklin in London, in case Mr. Macklin, for the sake of the other unprovided players, would play in Ireland for the winter. But this he rejected.

However, Mr. Macklin said he would go to Ireland, till affairs were in a better situation here;

here; he wrote thither (unknown to me or any of the body) to learn how the stage went on, and spoke to an agent about agreeing for himself and wife. As the profits that might arise there were precarious, I sent a gentleman to him to tell him, that if he would continue his resolution to go to Ireland for this winter, that I would make up his gains there to any reasonable sum that should be fixed upon. He promised upon this to see the gentlemen again, but did not; nor do I know the reason why he altered his design.

MEANWHILE the distresses of the other players increased in proportion as the time of their admission was deferred, and I found myself greatly embarrassed betwixt their pressing real necessities and Mr. Macklin's untractable and unreasonable obstinacy. This being the

true state of the case, common humanity soon determined me upon the part I was to act; but still with the most tender and scrupulous regard to Mr. Macklin's interest: for Mr. Macklin came often to me, and hearing I was about to engage, desired me to defer it. I did so; and told him I would come into any scheme for his service: but every hope vanished, and the other actors thought their condition brought to a melancholy crisis; and I was to determine, whether I was to follow the just and generous dictates of compassion, or indulge Mr. Macklin in an unjust and destructive perseverance, as will appear by the following affecting letter.

SIR,

"MR. GARRICK has informed us, that he and you with four other gentlemen, met last night, in order, if possible, to determine in your

your case; but says, that notwithstanding the strong representations used by him and the other gentlemen on his side of the question, of the hardships that the remaining part of the body must suffer by it, you still insist upon his refusing all means of accommodation with the manager of Drury-lane theatre, till terms are likewise obtained for you.

"THIS has induced us to send our thoughts to you upon this head, to which we desire a speedy and conclusive answer.

"WHEN all hopes of success from our application to the Lord Chamberlain were destroyed, you were the only person, who did not think our engagements to each other ceased from that moment, as we had made an attempt to obtain redress and failed in it. In consequence

quence of this, some applied to the manager, and were received, and one was refused by him. This we take notice of, to shew that you were singular in your opinion, and still continue so, by insisting that our engagements are not yet dissolved, but that we are obliged to abide together under the certainty of want, without the most distant prospect of relief.

"As an honest motive united us, we regret and lament the cause of our separation; we think with you, that it is very hard that any part of us should suffer in consequence of our attachment to each other, but when our affairs are reduced to so fatal a dilemma, that some must unavoidably meet misfortune, common prudence, as well as common honesty, will direct our choice to that which appears to be the least evil. To speak plainer; Mr. Garrick

GARRICK (as the person amongst us the most conducive to the manager's interest) has been strongly solicited to return to his theatre, yet has he refused to comply, till some terms might be procured for the people concerned; though it was the opinion of all but you, that as our attempt had failed, our engagements ceased, and every one was at liberty to shift for himself in the best manner he could. Yet he considered, possibly, that though his honesty was released, his honour might be bound, and in that suggestion endeavoured to facilitate the return of every one else. This was proposed to and debated with the manager, who with much difficulty and great struggles, consented to receive all, upon the terms he might make with them, and the assurance of Mr. Garrick's engaging with him, except you, whom, in the most solemn manner, he protested

tested against, declaring, that it never either could or should be; but that he would sacrifice every interest he had in the world, rather than consent to it. This resolution, through repeated applications to him, he still preserves and persists in.

"This, Sir, is the state of our present condition; this is the melancholy situation we behold you in; the humanity, that makes us feel your distresses, only carries us by a more painful transition to our own. To be undone for company can be but small comfort to the wretched, and voluntarily to make that compliment, is flying in the face of nature's first law. But to return a little closer to our business.

Mr.

"MR. GARRICK farther tells us, that, in order to relieve or lighten this evil, he proposed your engaging for the remaining part of the season in Ireland; that probably by next winter, affairs might wear a better aspect, and that in the mean time Mrs. Macklin should be secured her salary, proportionable to the deductions made from every body who returned; this we cannot but think fair and reasonable, as it is certain that the manager will not agree with you, nor with us the remaining people, unless Mr. Garrick engages; so that, by insisting upon this punctilio of honour, you prevent Mr. Garrick from receiving an handsome income for his performance this season, us from being reinstated, and contribute not one jot to your own interest or return to the theatre.

WE

"We desire you will weigh this with the attention it deserves, and remember, that the same ties of honour (if there are any) that bind Mr. Garrick to you, subsist betwixt him and us. There is an expedient found out for you; unless you accept of it, there can be none for us; for Mr. Garrick's going to Ireland, or refusing to play with the manager here, are equally destructive to us; therefore we again recommend the consideration of it to you: make a little sacrifice of your convenience for a time to the interests of so many people, who only plead for the reasonableness of their cause, and the honesty of their intentions.

We are,

SIR,

Your humble Servants,

W. Mills, F. Leigh, W. Pritchard, B. Berry,
E. Mills, W. Havard, H. Pritchard, E. Woodburn."

Nov. 7th. 1743.

P. S.

P. S. As this is an affair that will admit of no delay, we desire your speedy answer.

THE next day after the date of the above letter, I received the following from the same persons.

NOVEMBER 8, 1743.

" SIR,

" HEARING that you have determined to go to Ireland, in consequence of the meeting you had on Sunday last with Mr. Macklin; and being made acquainted with the reasons that have induced you to it, we the subscribing persons have sent a letter to Mr. Macklin upon that head, and, therefore, beg the favour of you to respite your resolution of going for a few days, till we receive his answer. You very well know, that, if you go, we must be made

made a sacrifice, nor can we see how it will benefit him in the least. We likewise think, that, if any tie or obligation be subsisting, we have an equal title to it with Mr. Macklin.

We are,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servants,

W. Mills, F. Leigh, W. Pritchard, E. Berry,
E. Mills, W. Havard, H. Pritchard, E. Woodburn."

MR. FLEETWOOD, in the mean time, would not hearken to Mr. Macklin's being engaged, though I offered to play for a hundred guineas less this winter, if he would receive him into his house. I then made interest with Mr. Rich, who agreed, though his company was so full, to take in Mrs. Macklin at 3*l.* a week, and a benefit. I made an offer to Mr. Macklin of 6*l.* a week out of my own salary for this season

son, as a consideration for his being out of business, and I told him I would allow him more, if his friends thought it not enough, till I could reconcile him with the manager. This he also refused.

I DID enter into an engagement the last summer with Mr. Macklin, to do our utmost to withstand any oppression of the managers against the players, and to set up a third company, if possible; and our resolution was to act together.

OUR endeavours did not succeed; the persons, who came into the agreement, met, and, as there were no hopes of a third company, it was the opinion of all but Mr. Macklin, that every one should provide for himself; accordingly many of them did, and others were re-

jected. I had very great proposals made me, but I refused them, and told the manager, I did not think it just in me to engage with him, till the others were reasonably provided for.

He made an objection to Mr. Macklin; I reasoned the hardships often with him, and pressed him to receive him, and that I would be answerable for his behaviour. As often as I urged this, he told me, he could not take him into the house. I still kept off for several weeks; and the rest of the people being greatly distressed, wrote to me and Mr. Macklin on the situation of these affairs; he sent them no answer to their repeated letters, but at last desired there might be a meeting of four gentlemen to determine the affair. The rest of the players fixed their gentlemen, their

their time, their place, and he would not meet them.

Mr. Macklin often came to me upon hearing I was about to engage, and desired me to defer it for some days for particular reasons; I did so several times, and told him I was willing to come into any scheme to do him service.

Mr. Fleetwood still persisted in his resolution, and the other people being in the greatest distress, he told me that he had designed writing me a letter to desire me to engage: he did not do this, nor did I drop my solicitations to Mr. Fleetwood; nay I still offered Mr. Fleetwood to take an hundred guineas less salary if he would engage him, but

he protested he could not then, his affairs were so circumstanced.

I THEN applied to Mr. Rich; he refused taking both Mr. Macklin and his wife; but, upon many repeated applications, he consented to take Mrs. Macklin at 3*l.* a week, and a benefit. I then proposed paying Mr. Macklin as a consideration for his being out of business 6*l.* a week out of my salary for this season, to begin from the first day of my playing, and promised, in the mean time, I would continually endeavour to bring about an agreement between him and the manager, and told him I would not rest till he was reinstated at Drury-Lane. This likewise he has refused.

HAVING laid these facts before the public, it may be expected that I should take notice of

of some things advanced by Mr. Macklin in his case.

Mr. Macklin says, that he might have had 200*l.* more salary, if he would have engaged with Mr. Fleetwood alone. He has omitted in his case the reasons he has always given why he was made that offer, which were to induce him to consent with the managers, to lower Mrs. Clive's and my salary. I submit to the consideration of the public, whether it is probable that Mr. Macklin should have 200*l.* to reduce our salaries, who I may venture to say were of more service to the manager than himself. But farther, I am authorised by the manager to acquaint the public, that he never made such an offer, but advanced him last season from 6*l.* a week, to 9*l.* a week, merely from his pretence of an influence over me.

MR. QUIN and I entered into an agreement to act for a few nights together last summer, but how that could consequentially urge Mr. Fleetwood to engage Mr. Macklin I cannot possibly discover. I did agree to take Lincoln's-Inn-Fields playhouse, but Mr. Macklin knows, that he and Mr. Rich had consulted several times before about it, and the reason why we did not agree, was, that I would not consent to a cartel proposed by Mr. Macklin to me, by which the liberty we were then struggling for must have been entirely lost.

MR. MACKLIN says, that my agreement with the manager absolutely excluded him from the theatre. This is a fact, which as Mr. Macklin has asserted, so it is incumbent upon him to prove it, as I here absolutely and solemnly disavow and deny all such agreement,

and

and am ready to prove that I endeavoured to the utmost of my power to have him included.

Mr. MACKLIN last Saturday, when I told him of my going to engage, and upon my giving him an account of my proceedings, said I had done my utmost for him, and that his friends would shew their resentment to the manager, and not to me. He then told me, I might do him and myself service by speaking to my friends to join his, and not to proceed in my performance till he was recalled; I told him I would do him any service that lay in my power, but as I was engaged, I must do the manager's business, and that I should not speak to any friend in particular to be there. He then told me, he would print his case; but I little

imagined he, of all men, would treat me in the manner he has done, or that he could prevail upon a set of gentlemen to condemn me unheard by his false and incredible assertions.

I MUST take notice of a most cruel and false report, which is not foreign to the subject, as it has been raised on purpose to hurt me at this time, which is, that I have spoken disrespectfully of the gentlemen of Ireland. I do hereby solemnly avow never to have spoke, or thought even, with indifference of that country, of which I shall ever have the most grateful remembrance for the many signal marks of favour I received there.

BUT to end all disputes with Mr. Macklin about the breach of promise, it was proposed by his own friend in his presence, that

if

if the manager could not be prevailed upon to admit him into the company, I should pay him a salary out of my own in proportion to our incomes: what I have offered is more than was required, and yet this is esteemed by him an injurious proposal.

I ASK pardon of the public for the incorrectness of this defence of my conduct; but the attack upon me was sudden and unexpected; as Mr. Macklin published his case so lately. Had he allowed me more time, I might have finished this paper more to the satisfaction of the public. As the case stands, I submit my character and conduct to the world, and am ready to acquiesce to its impartial judgement.

D. GARRICK.

December 7, 1743.

REPLY

TO

Mr. GARRICK's ANSWER

TO THE

CASE

OF

CHARLES MACKLIN, COMEDIAN.

SIR,

YOUR printed Answer to my Case, if it had been less tedious or confused, should have received an earlier notice; yet, though it is incumbent upon me to make a Reply, I chuse

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at present to address it only to yourself, without presuming any further to apply to the public; sensible as I am, that my distress has obtained some regard, not from any importance or merit of mine, but from a general abhorrence of treachery and desertion; and from the resolution of gentlemen of honour to discourage and brand a faithless conduct, upon whatever stage it shall venture to appear.

You are pleased to take notice at first of the art of writing and enchantment of words in my case; and desire to be excused for your own deficiency in these particulars. It seems truth is all that you wish to be tried by, and, that the integrity of your conduct may be fairly determined by that sacred principle.

How

How well you have supported yourself upon this basis, and proved the falsity of my case, will immediately appear. We had solemnly engaged to adhere to each other; and, in consequence of this, you insisted with me, that I should refuse to agree with Mr. Fleetwood for this season; and accordingly, out of regard to my engagements with you, and to your earnest request, I did refuse to agree, though I was solicited to it by the manager. This you have not been able to deny. That you solemnly protested you would never desert me, after the dance you had led me to take; and that our dernier resort, according to your own frequent declaration, was to act together for the winter in Ireland; you have not pretended to controvert. And yet, notwithstanding these solemn declarations between us, the faithful adherence on my part, and

your

your repeated protestations of fidelity and steadiness, it is evident that you have absolutely deserted me, and agreed with Mr. Fleetwood yourself, in exclusion of me from the theatre.

To these clear allegations, which you have not been able to deny, what answer have you given? Why, 1st. That we both afterwards entered into a contract with other actors, which was dissolved; and therefore that all your prior engagements to me were dissolved likewise; though you acknowledge, that I always declared they were not to be dissolved. 2dly. That you were intreated to desert me, by a letter from several necessitous actors. 3dly. That you have fairly and generously offered me a part of the gains you are to make by your desertion; and that I am so unreasonable

sonable and obstinate as to reject this honourable proposal.

THIS is the whole substance of your prolix answer; which I shall now particularly consider, according to the respect which I desire to pay to every thing you alledge. Long after my refusal to act with Mr. Fleetwood by your persuasion, and our solemn engagements to each other, it was agreed by us both, to receive the assistance of other actors, which they voluntarily offered, in order to give the more weight to an application for redress by the united petition of an oppressed body. But as soon as this scheme was defeated, our union with these actors, founded upon this application, was dissolved by consent; and we two of course recurred to our original engagements. This scheme of joining to ourselves

selves the rest of the actors, being only a pursuit of our original engagements, not a dissolution of them; and after the defeat of this scheme, we were at liberty to try any other expedient, or upon the failure of all, our dernier resort was fixed for acting together in Ireland.

THESE were your own sentiments confirmed by the most solemn repeated protestations, until some persons, taking hold of your natural propensity to fickleness, put you (to use your own phrase in your answer) upon getting rid of your engagements as well as you could; and furnished you with this new kind of logic, that every contract or step in pursuit of a first engagement actually dissolves that engagement.

To

To illustrate this further: put the case, that a person has entered into a solemn agreement with another, and drawn him thereby from an advantageous situation, upon repeated protestations never to desert him; suppose afterwards that they receive the assistance of other persons in order to execute a particular scheme which fails: it is evident that the union with the rest, so far as it is founded upon this particular scheme, is fairly dissolved; but can any gentleman of honour say, that the original agreement between the first two contractors is broken thereby, without the consent of both? or that the person, who first seduced the other from his easy situation, can justly relinquish him to the resentment of one, who was his friend, and whom this seducer had forced him to make his enemy?

PUT the case farther, that this seducer, at the same time, curries favour himself with the person to whose resentment he relinquishes the other; and thus gratifies, not only a treacherous, but also an avaricious disposition, and then be so good to tell, whose picture this is; for you very well know and are a fond admirer of the original.

THE second part of your defence is a letter to me from several of the actors, who were concerned in the scheme for applying for redress. They tell me according to the lesson, which was given them, and the new logic, that they understood, "The disappointment "of a licence to be an absolute dissolution of "all engagements; and desire, in regard to "their necessities, that I will not insist upon "any penalties of honour with you, but will

" absolutely release you from all promises;
" that I may go myself over to Ireland, sepa-
" rate from my wife, who was to be provided
" for here, and that probably things might in
" future seasons wear a more kind aspect in
" my favour!" This was such a mean impo-
sition upon their distress, calculated merely to be produced in a defence of your desertion, that I disdained to give it an answer. But it ought to be known, that, when this letter was carried to Mrs. Clive, and her name to it desired, she had the honour and spirit to refuse, upon any consideration, to be made so ridiculous a fool to so base a purpose. And you ought to have been ashamed yourself of suffering such an ungenerous hardship to be put upon the subscribers, and much more to be ashamed of putting such a piece of mockery upon the public.

THE

THE letter to yourself from the same actors is full of the same new logic, obtained in the same manner; and it is possible you may procure some farther letters in defence of the former. But to save you that trouble, you need only declare publicly under your hand, that you neither approved nor know of the expedient of those letters to yourself and me, before they were sent to each of us; and also, that you had entered into no treaty with the manager for your own admission, exclusive of me, before you received this letter from the actors. Some charitable friend ought to have informed you, that these particulars were absolutely requisite to have been inserted at first in your answer, in order to shew that this part of your answer was not a collusion; and it is now absolutely incumbent upon you, to make this declaration, in order to prove that

you have not grossly prevaricated in your solemn appeal to the public.

When you have made such a declaration, if I do not undeniably prove it to be false, I will allow this part of your defence all the just weight it can possibly have; which is, that several necessitous actors desired you to break your solemn engagements with me, and that you accordingly broke them, against my consent, to my utter ruin and exclusion from livelihood.

The last part of your defence is, that you have fairly and generously offered me a part of the gains you are to make by your desertion, and that I have been so unreasonable as to refuse those terms as injurious. This offer is very far from proving your integrity to your engagements;

engagements; on the contrary, it is only produced in order to palliate your breach of them. Besides, your sincerity in it is much to be questioned, notwithstanding your solemn declaration of it to the public. But all that I desire of you, and have a right to desire, is, that you will fulfil your former engagements; or that I may be replaced in the theatre, from whence you seduced me, upon only three-fourths of the same weekly salary, which I had the last season, and was offered for this season by Mr. Fleetwood, as a proper punishment of my folly in relying upon your faith, which is nearly allied in every respect to Gallic fidelity

THERE are other particulars in your answer, which, though foreign to the purpose, I shall give a reply to: one of these is, when you tell me, that I omitted to mention upon what ac-

count I was to receive an advancement of 200 *l.* extraordinary from the manager for this season; this, say you, he has always declared was, to induce him to consent with the manager to lower "Mrs. Clive's and your salary." I do still aver it to be the fact, notwithstanding the order you have received to deny it, that Mr. Fleetwood, upon a design of reducing the salaries of most of the actors, offered me an extraordinary sum of 200 *l.* provided I would do my utmost to check all combinations for opposing such a reduction.

You add, "I shall submit it to the consi-
"deration of the public, how likely it is, that
"Mr. Macklin should have 200 *l.* to reduce
"our salaries, who, I may venture to say,
"were of more service to the manager than
"himself." However unlikely it may seem

to

to you, it will be easily apprehended by others, that, in a design of reducing the salaries of the actors in general, which, according to your usual propensity to falsehood, you confine to Mrs. Clive and yourself only, the private concurrence of one of the body was a very necessary acquisition to be made; especially of one, who to say nothing of his merit on the stage, had some weight, and a character for steadiness amongst the rest of the actors. And I must tell you, that if you are not thought to be sufficiently humbled to the manager's content, by your notorious treachery to myself, and your established reputation for it in the opinion of others, it will be the manager's business now to gain some actor of weight to his interest, in order to check and disconcert your future exorbitancy.

THE reason why I omitted to mention in my case upon what account I was to receive this additional 200 *l.* was because it was nothing to the purpose of the dispute between us, which depends only upon these questions: Whether we had not entered into solemn engagements to adhere to each other? Whether, in consequence of these, you did not prevent me from agreeing with Mr. Fleetwood for this season? And whether you have not since relinquished me to Mr. Fleetwood's resentment, and, at the same time, agreed with him yourself, in exclusion of me from the theatre?

THESE are the points upon which my complaints against you are founded; and therefore it is no wonder indeed that you are endeavouring to desert them, and to slip into other questions.

AT

At the same time, my refusal to be bribed to betray the rest of my brethren, is a circumstance, which, if you had possessed any judgement, you would particularly have avoided to mention, as it naturally leads us to reflect on your opposite conduct. When I have before said, that your contract with the rest of the actors, so far as it was founded upon the application for redress, was fairly dissolved upon the defeat of the scheme, I have not concluded any other engagements you entered into at the time of that dissolution: how honourably you have performed these engagements, and what reduction you suffer yourself, whilst several of the rest are reduced to two-thirds, or one-half of their former salaries, I leave your own conscience, under the load of a pocket agreement, besides your apparent advantages, and the public sighs of these actors, to testify.

Not

Not that I expect you will discover any puncture or throb at your heart, except for the farther advancement of your own wages; these indeed are a sort of qualms, with which the manager will find you continually troubled; you were excessively subject to them, whilst you acted with Mr. Giffard, at Goodman's Fields, where you were strangely uneasy in your mind, and had odd fits of longing; till at last you had usurped one-half the profits of the whole theatre from that generous manager, whom the next season afterwards, you meanly deserted in his treaty with Mr. Fleetwood, contrary to your solemn engagements; and after you had gone through with him, as you have since done with me, a winter and summer, in the warmest protestations of friendship and fidelity.

It is well known to the whole body of the actors, whose letter you quote, that at the time of the dissolution of our contract with them, you protested to me, in their presence, at your own chamber, that you would be the last person, who should engage with the manager; in which belief you injuriously kept me by repeated promises to the same purpose before several gentlemen, till within a few days before you declared your agreement with Mr. Fleetwood.

Another charge, which though foreign from the real question between us, is, that Mr. Fleetwood advanced my salary last season merely from my pretence of an influence over you. This, you may very well remember, you imagined in your several starts of suspicion at the beginning of the last season; and before you

you would engage, insisted upon knowing whether I had made any advantages to myself, upon such pretences; when you were solemnly assured, and satisfied by Mr. Fleetwood, that I had not. How, therefore, you can venture to introduce Mr. Fleetwood as now declaring the contrary, I must leave him and you to determine.

THAT Mr. Fleetwood desired me to attach you to his interest, as far as should lie in my power, I do not deny; and I sincerely endeavoured in this and every other method I could to promote his advantage. How far this in general, as well as my diligence as an actor, might advance my merit with the manager, I cannot decide; nor do I apprehend it dishonourable in any actor to be as serviceable as he can in attaching the rest to the manager,

provided

provided he is not bribed to concur in any oppression or exclusion. But this insinuation of my stealing merit from you, is a just specimen of the vanity and dirtiness of your temper. You know very well, that I have often advised you, upon many circumstances of your acting, which you have allowed to be right, and accordingly adopted my advice; and I am not conscious that I had ever more benefit from you, than you constantly received from my friendship. But as your merit upon the stage is vastly superior to mine, this gives me the greater right to complain of your breach of engagements. It was upon the strength of your power, that I ventured to secede from the manager; and when we had united our force together, it was the more ungenerous in you, who was the strongest, to be guilty of desertion; and as you were the steward of the

greater

greater part, I have the stronger reason to call you to account.

As to my writing to Ireland, to know how the stage went on there, (which is the awkward phrase in your answer) or my consulting with any other person, without your knowledge or consent, it was only, in order for our mutual information; and I always acquainted you with every particular. The question is, Whether I ever made any agreement for myself, or attempted to make one separate from you? And you may blame me with as much force, as is contained in this charge, for having ever conversed with a person in your absence. Of the same sort are all the rest of your trifling assertions, particularly that about Lincoln's Inn-Fields playhouse, which is false, and foreign to the point of your treachery. In short

short, through the whole you have only mistaken a mist of words for a cloud of witnesses.

It is necessary, before I conclude, to remark upon your unhandsome introduction of the meetings of gentlemen upon our business, without their leave for your inserting such circumstances; and though you know that the result of these meetings was always against you, and confirmed your engagements, yet you cannot forbear to give a pretended shuffling account in your favour of what passed upon those occasions: which not being permitted to appear, I shall desist from observing any further upon such meetings; but your propensity to betray having led you to publish somewhat of what passed only between ourselves on the Saturday before you acted contrary to our agreement, that no use or mention should be

be made of that meeting, it is proper to rectify your imperfect account of it, and to add one material circumstance you have omitted, which is, that you boggled at joining your friends to mine, in order to make a clamour against you, yet you assured me, that you hoped you should be prevented by gentlemen from acting, until I was reinstated in the theatre.

AFTER this, it must appear extremely ridiculous in (what you call) your sincere detail to observe you declaiming against the unjust and dishonest methods I took to disturb the audience, and prejudice your performance. This circumstance I have mentioned with violence to myself, although you have already published a great part of the conversation, without any restraint. But as you have no notion of honour, obligations, or a regard to the

the characters of gentlemen, who have condescended to attend to our personal squabbles, it is impossible to contend with you, however unjust your cause is, without shooting back your own poisoned arrows.

To conclude, if I have treated you with any asperity in this reply, it has been dictated by a severe feeling of the wrongs you have done me, and by that just resentment, which every man of common spirit and sense must bear against treacherous usage.

If you had been sincere in your ostentatious professions of humanity and integrity, you would have referred the affair in dispute between us to the arbitration of gentlemen of honour and impartiality, which you know I have often invited you to; and by their de-

cision I am ready to abide, without any reserve.

I HAVE now only to desire you calmly to reflect, whether you have proved my case to be a false and scandalous libel, according to your arrogant advertisement in the public papers; and to remember, that you have caused it to be declared in your name to a crouded theatre, that you will never attempt to act again, until you have proved your integrity to me and to every other comedian.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

12th Dec. 1743.

No. V.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

FOUNDLING.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CIBBER.

I KNOW you all expect, from seeing me,
An epilogue of strictest purity;
Some formal lecture, spoke with prudish face,
To shew our present joking giggling race,
True joy consists—in gravity and grace!
But why am I for ever made the tool
Of ev'ry squeamish moralizing fool?

Condemn'd to sorrow all my life, must I
Ne'er make you laugh, because I make you cry?
Madam, (say they) your face denotes your heart;
'Tis yours to melt us in the mournful part.
So from the looks, our hearts they prudish deem!
Alas! poor souls! we are not what we seem.
Though prudence oft our inclination smothers,
We grave ones, love a joke as well as others.
From such dull stuff what profit can you reap?
You cry—'tis very fine!—(yawns) and fall asleep.

Happy that bard, blest with uncommon art,
Whose wit can chear, and not corrupt the heart!
Happy that play'r, whose skill can chase the spleen,
And leave no worse inhabitant within!

'Mongst friends, our author is a modest man,
But wicked wits will cavil at his plan.
Damn it (says one) this stuff will never pass;
The girl wants nature, and the rake's an ass.

Had

Had I, like *Belmont*, heard a damsel's cries,
I would have pink'd her keeper, seiz'd the prize,
Whipt to a coach, not valued tears a *fardin*,
But drove away like smoke—to Covent-Garden;
There to some house convenient would have carried her;
And then—dear soul!—the devil should have married her.
But this our author thought too hard upon her;
Besides, his spark, forsooth, must have some honour!
The fool's a fabulist!—he deals in fiction,
Or he had giv'n him vice—without restriction.
Of fable all his characters partake;
Sir Charles is virtuous—and for virtue's sake!
Nor vain nor blust'ring is the soldier writ;
His rake has conscience, modesty, and wit,
The ladies too!—how oddly they appear!
His prude is chaste, and his coquet sincere.

In short, so strange à groupe ne'er trod the stage,
At once to please, and satirize the age!
For you, ye fair! his muse has chiefly sung;
'Tis you have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his tongue.
The sex's champion let the sex defend;
A soothing poet is a charming friend:
Your favours, here bestow'd, will meet reward;
So as you love dear flatt'ry—save your bard.

No. VI.

No. VI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE's LETTER TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

Sir,

I HAVE read, since I came hither, with Mr. Pope, the Inquiry into the Merit of Assassination, and the tragedy of Cæsar, with the dedication, by which you intend much honour to my name. If the treatise has not entirely convinced me that Cæsar was a patriot, it has convinced me, at least, in spite of all ancient

and modern prejudices, that he was as much so as Pompey; and that liberty would have been as safe in his hands as the other's.

THE tragedy is finely wrote; the characters are admirably well drawn; the sentiments are noble, beyond the power of words; and the expression, dignified as it is, can add nothing to the sublime.

WE have doubted (Mr. Pope and I) whether, in some few instances, the utmost effort of language has not obscured the beauty and force of thought. If it became me to say any thing more of the dedication than this, that, by inscribing to me one of the noblest dramas that our language, or any other, can boast, you transmit my character to posterity with greater advantage than any I could have given it,

it, I would say, that I feel a laudable vanity to be thought the friend, as well as the admirer, of so great a writer; and, therefore, should be still better pleased, if you treat me in a stile less elevated and less distant from that familiarity, which I shall always be extremely glad to hold with you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

BOLINGBROKE.

No. VII.

No. VII.

PROLOGUE

TO

GIL BLAS.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD.

In the Character of a CRITIC, *with a Catcall in his hand.*

ARE you all ready? here's your music! here! *
Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stop'd me in a hellish fright—
Pray Sir, says he, must I be damn'd to-night?

* Blowing his Catcall.

Damn'd!

Damn'd! surely friend—don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, Sir!—a second play's downright defiance,
Tho' once, poor rogue, we pity'd your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well Sir, says he, e'en as you please, so then,
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But hark ye, poet!—won't you tho', says I?
'Pon honour—then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks? let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but mind ye—
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now a-days,
Come to give sober judgements of new plays?
It argues some good nature to be quiet—
Good nature!—ay—but then we lose a riot.

The

The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—what then?—'tis sport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes,
The 'ard may find us bloods good natur'd folks.
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with spirit—
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So if you like it, save it, if not—damn it.

No. VIII.

No. VIII.

PROLOGUE

BY

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

ON THE REVIVAL OF

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

CRITICS! your favour is our author's right:
The well known scenes we shall produce to-night
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;

A rough

A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd;
And would to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great soul perceive the doubtful fame
Not to his labour granted, but his name.

Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage;
" Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
" As, for it, he himself must justly hate;
" But rather begg'd, they would be pleas'd to see
" From him, such plays, as other plays should be;
" Would learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
" And leave their MONSTERS, to be pleas'd with
" men."
Thus spoke the bard, and though the times are
chang'd,
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great;

Yet

Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd.
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true.
Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakespeare play'd.
Nature was nature then, and still survives;
The garb may alter, but the substance lives;
Lives in this play; where each may find complete
His pictur'd self:—then favour the deceit;
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

No. IX.

No. IX.

PROLOGUE

TO

MOORE's COMEDY

OF THE

GAMESTER.

LIKE fam'd La Mancha's Knight, who, lance in hand,
Mounted his steed to free th'enchanted land,
Our Quixote bard sets out a monster-taming,
Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—gaming.

Aloft

Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the caitiff's den.

The first on fancied giants spent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats passion rooted in the soul,
Whose pow'rs at once delight you and controul;
Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
Nor wishes freedom, tho' the spell destroys.

To save our land from this magician's charms,
And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes!—And O ye fair!
This black enchanter's wicked arts beware;
His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
And, at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.
Love, gentleness, and joy, to rage give way,
And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
May this, our bold advent'rer break the spell,
And drive the dæmon to his native hell.

Ye slaves of passion, and ye dupes of France,
Wake all your pow'rs from this destructive trance:
Shake off the shackles of this tyrant vice;
Hear other calls than those of cards and dice!
Be learn'd in nobler arts, than arts of play,
And other debts than those of honour pay.
No longer live insensible to shame,
Lost to your country, families, and fame.

Could our romantic muse this work atchieve,
Would there one honest heart in Britain grieve?
Th'attempt, tho' wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honest hand would lend its aid.

No. X.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE, OCTOBER 1753.

THE many various objects that amuse
These busy curious times, by way of news,
Are plays, elections, murders, lott'ries, Jews*.
All these compounded fly throughout the nation,
And set the whole in one great fermentation!
True British hearts the same high spirit shew,
Be they to damn a farce, or fight a foe.

* The Bill for Naturalizing the Jews raised a popular clamour.

One day for liberty the Briton fires;
The next he flames—for Canning * or for Squires.
In like extremes your laughing humour flows:
Have ye not roar'd from pit to upper rows,
And all the jest was—What?—a fidler's nose †.
Pursue your mirth; each night the jest grows stronger,
For as you fret the man,—his nose looks longer.

Among the trifles, which occasion prate,
Ev'n I, sometimes, am matter of debate,
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
Sir Peter Primrose, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks from himself and politics to me:
Papers, boy!—here, Sir?—Tam, what news to-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd:—What, run away?

* Elizabeth Canning was said, at this time, to have lived a number of days on a crust of bread and water; Mary Squires was a gipsey.

† Cervetti, one of the band in the orchestra, on account of a prodigious long nose, was called Nosey by the Upper Gallery.

No,

No, Sir; he acts this night at Drury-Lane;
How's that?—cries Feeble Grub; Foote come again!
I thought that fool had done his devil's dance;
Why, wa'n't he hang'd some months ago in France?
Upstarts Machone, and thus the room harangued:
" 'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
" But to be sure 'twas all a hum;—*be case*
" I've *seen him since*,—and after such disgrace,
" No *shantleman* would dare to shew his face."
To him replied a sneering bonny Scot;
" You *raisin reet*, my friend, *haunged* he was not,
" But neither you nor I can tell how soon he'll
gaung to pot.

Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays;
Such is the tax each son of folly pays.
On this my scheme they many names bestow;
'Tis fame,—'tis pride,—nay worse,—the pocket's low.

I own I've pride, ambition, vanity,
And what is still more strange,—perhaps you'll see,
Though not so great a portion of it—modesty!
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
And kiss the rod, whene'er you point the fault.
Many my passions are, tho' one my view,
They all concenter in the pleasing you.

No. XI.

No. XI.

PROLOGUE

TO

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each hum'rous bard.
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be;
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, *gem'men*; kindly, welcome, ladies,

To draw in customers our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign;—'tis Shakespeare's head!
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a diff'rent wine,
In which no tricks to strengthen, or to thin 'em;
Neat as imported;—no French brandy in 'em.
Hence for the choicest spirits flows champaign,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' ev'ry vein,
Then mount, in magic vapours, to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-portions for the fair and young.
For you, my hearts of oak *(Upper Gallery)* for your regale,
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's *Sir John Falstaff* is a butt of sack.
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye;
Bardolph is gin, and *Pistol* aqua-vitæ.

But

But should you call for *Falstaff*, where to find him?
He's gone *,—nor left one cup of sack behind him:
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone,—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack at home.

As for the learned critics, brave and deep,
Who catch at words,—and catching fall asleep,
Who in the storms of passion,—hum and haw!
For such our master will no liquor draw:
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakespeare's Head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best champaign.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights;—what's that when wine is pure?

* Quin had retired from the Stage.

Come,

Come, fill a bumper, Jack,—I will, my Lord;
Here's cream, damn'd fine, immense, upon my word!
Sir William, what say you?—the best, believe me,
Is this—eh, Jack;—the devil can't deceive me.

Thus the wise critic too mistakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted eyes---'tis great, divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakespeare!---Shakespeare! oh! there's nothing like him!

In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mix'd for filling up;
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken:
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd, and bottl'd for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

No. XII.

No. XII.

GARRICK's LETTER

TO

Dr. SMOLLET.

Nov. 26, 1757.

SIR,

THERE was a mistake made by our office keepers to your prejudice, which has given me much uneasiness. Though the expence of our theatre every night amounts to 90*l.* and upwards, yet we take no more from gentlemen, who write for the theatre, and who produce an original performance, than sixty guineas;

guineas; they who alter only an old play, pay eighty guineas for the expence, as in the instance of *Amphitryon*. This occasioned the mistake, which I did not discover till lately. Though it is very reasonable to take four-score pounds for the expence of the house, yet as we have not yet regulated this matter, I cannot possibly agree that Dr. Smollet shall be the first precedent. I have inclosed a draught upon Mr. Clutterbuck for the sum due to you.

I am, most sincerely,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

D. GARRICK.

SMOLLET was sensibly touched by this act of politeness, and in a letter to Mr. Garrick, declared that, in what he had published concerning

cerning him, in his account of the liberal arts, he had spoken the language of his heart, and that he could not, in such a part of his work, forbear doing justice to a genius, who had no rival. Besides, he thought it a duty incumbent on him to make a public atonement in a *work of truth*, for the wrongs done him in a *work of fiction*.

No XIII.

No. XIII.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM,

AND THE

DESERT ISLAND.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

(In the Character of a DRUNKEN POET.*)*

ALL, all shall out; all that I know and feel;
I will by heav'n—to higher pow'rs appeal!
'Tis not my way to cheat by false delight:
No, no, they can't say that with all their spite.
Ay!

Ay! you may frown *(Looks behind the Scenes)* I'm
at you, great and small,
Your poet, players, manager and all!
These fools within here swear that I'm in liquor;
My passion warms me; makes my utt'rance thicker.
I totter too,—but that's the gout and pain;
French wines and living high have been my bane.
From all temptations now I wisely steer me,
Nor will I suffer one fine woman near me.
And this I sacrifice to give you pleasure;
For you, I've coin'd my brains, and *(Pulls out a Manuscript)* here's the treasure.
A treasure this of profit and delight;
And all thrown by for this damn'd stuff to-night!
This is a play would water ev'ry eye!
If I but look upon't, it makes me cry.
This play would tears from blood-stain'd soldiers
draw,
And melt the bowels of hard-hearted law;

Would

Would fore and aft the storm-proof sailor rake,
Keep turtle-eating aldermen awake!
Would the cold blood of ancient maidens thrill,
And make ev'n pretty younger tongues lie still.
This play not ev'n managers would refuse,
Had heav'n but giv'n e'm any brains to chuse.

Your bard to-night, bred in the ancient school,
Designs and measures all by critic rule;
'Mongst friends,—it goes no further,—he's a fool.
So very classic, and so very dull,
His *Desert Island* is his own clear skull.
No soul to make the play-house ring and rattle,
No trumpets, thunder, ranting, storms, and battle,
But all your fine poetic prittle prattle.
The plot is this:—a lady's cast away,
Long before the beginning of the play,
And they are taken by a fisherman,
The lady and the child;—'tis *Bayes's* plan,
So on he blunders;—he's an Irishman!

'Tis

'Tis all alike,—his comic stuff I mean;
I hate all humour; it gives me the spleen,
So damn 'em both with all my heart, unsight, unseen.
But should you ruin him, still I'm undone;
I've tried all ways to bring my phœnix on.
Flatter I can with any of our tribe;
Can cut and slash;—indeed I cannot bribe;
What must I do then?—beg you to subscribe.
Be kind, ye boxes, gallery, and pit;
'Tis but a crown a-piece *(Shews his Play)* for all this wit;
All sterling wit;—to puff myself I hate;
You'll ne'er supply your wants at such a rate.
'Tis worth your money; I would scorn to wrong ye;
You smile consent, I'll send my hat among ye.

(Going, returns.)

So much beyond all praise your bounties swell,
Not my own tongue my gratitude can tell;
" A little flattery sometimes does well."

No. XIV.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

(On his Appearance after his Return from Abroad,)

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMMAND, IN

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,

NOVEMBER 14th, 1765.

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
Once more to face this awful court I come;
Lest *Benedick* should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.

I'm

I'm told (what flatt'ry to my heart !) that you
Have wish'd to see me, nay have press'd it too ;
Alas ! 'twill prove another MUCH ADO !

I, like a boy, who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday take my fearful stand,
And often eye the birchen-scepter'd hand.

'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod ;
A very nine-pin I my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool ;
Is it not long enough to play the fool ?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What I have heard in passing through the street :
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and thro' it shot my pride :
" 'Tis he, by Jove ! grown quite a clumsy fellow ;
" He's fit for nothing—but a punchinello !

" O yes, for comic scenes,—*Sir John*—no further;
" He's much too fat,—for battles, rapes, and murder!

Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who rich in scars,
Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars,
Though past the service, may the young ones teach,
To march—present—to fire—and mount the breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg,—lost eye,—and armless sleeve;
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest;
'Tis for my king,—and, zounds! I'll do my best.

No. XV

No. XV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Poets and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law;
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.

To night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from his canvass to the stage is brought.

And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he, who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same our character and scenes;
We labour for one end, by diff'rent means:
Each, as it suits him, takes a diff'rent road;
Their one great object, *Marriage-a-la-Mode!*
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold;
And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.

The painter's dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die;
But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce protract his fame thro' half an age;
Nor pen, nor pencil, can the actor save;
The art and artist have one common grave.

O let me drop one tributary tear
On poor *Jack Falstaff's* urn, and *Juliet's* bier *.

* Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died in January 1766.

You

You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame must live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong expressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

No. XVI.

PROLOGUE

TO

FALSE DELICACY,

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

I'm vex'd, quite vex'd, and you'll be vex'd, that's worse,
To deal with stubborn scribblers! there's the curse!
Write moral plays!—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece,—to let you into facts,
'Tis quite a sermon,—only preach'd in acts.

You'll

You'll scarce believe me till the proof appears,
But even I, Tom fool! must shed some tears.
Do, ladies, look upon me,—nay, no simp'ring;
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambrick handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?
Why, this is comical, perhaps you'll say.
Resolving this strange aukward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—he, somewhat plump,
Now purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"
You may; but, if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
You'll not keep up the dignity of belly.
Still he preach'd on—"Bards of a former age,
"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
"Spread out their wit with fascinating art,
"And caught the fancy, to corrupt the heart.
"But, happy change! in these more moral days,
"You cannot sport with virtue, ev'n in plays.
"On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
"And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."

Thus

Thus did he prance and swell: the man may prate,
And feel these whimsies in his addle pate;
Think you'll protect his muse, because she's good,
A virgin—and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!
No muse the critic's beadle lash escapes,
Tho' virtuous, if a dowdy, and a trapes;
If his come forth a decent, likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass;
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,
In three hours time you'll bring him to his senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him;
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him.
Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

No. XVII.

No. XVII.

ODE

ON DEDICATING A BUILDING—AND ERECTING A STATUE TO

SHAKESPEARE,

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

I.

To what blest genius of the isle,
Shall gratitude her tribute pay,
Decree the festive day,
Erect the statue, and devote the pile?

Do

Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
To own the bosom's Lord?
'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod;
While sportive fancy round him flew,
Where nature led him by the hand,
Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command!
'Tis he!—'tis he!
The god of our idolatry!

II.

To him the song, the edifice we raise;
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
Yet e're impatient joy break forth
In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
And to our spell-bound minds impart
Some faint idea of his magic art;
Let awful silence still the air;
From the dark cloud, the hidden light
Bursts tenfold bright!
Prepare! prepare! prepare!

Now

Now swell at once the choral song
Roll the full tide of harmony along;
Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,
And fame expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!

III.

Let the enchanting sound
From Avon's shores resound;
Through the air
Let it bear
The precious freight the envious nations round!
Though Philip's fam'd immortal son,
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won,
He sigh'd, that his creative word
(Like that which rules the skies)
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unsated sword:

But

But when our Shakespeare's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword had done with men,
He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan;
Not limited to human kind,
He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own!

IV.

Oh! from his muse of fire
Could but one spark be caught,
Then might these humble strains aspire,
To tell the wonders he has wrought;
To tell,—how sitting on his magic throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state
The subject passions round him wait;
Whom, tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;
With that superior skill,
Which winds the fiery steed at will;

He

He gives the awful word,
And they all foaming, trembling, own him for their
Lord.

V.

With these his slaves he can controul,
Or charm the soul;
So realiz'd are all his golden dreams
Of terror, pity, love, and grief;
Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
The woe-struck mind finds no relief:
Ingratitude would drop the tear,
Cold-blooded age take fire,
To see the thankless children of old *Lear*
Spurn at their king and sire!
With his our reason too grows wild!
What nature had disjoin'd,
The poet's pow'r combin'd,
Madness and age, ingratitude and child!

VI.

VI.

Ye guilty lawless tribe,
Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,
At Shakespeare's bar appear;
No bribing, and no shuffling there!
His genius, like a rushing flood,
Cannot be withstood;
Out bursts the penitential tear;
The look appall'd the crime reveals;
The marble-hearted monster feels,
Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

VII.

When our magician, more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,
The thunder growls, the heav'ns lour,
And to his darken'd throne repair
The dæmons of the deep, and spirits of the air.

VIII.

VIII.

But soon these horrors pass away,
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day;
He smiles:—They vanish into air!
The buskin'd warriors disappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums;
The scene is chang'd; *Thalia* comes!
Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
Goddess of joy and liberty!
She and her sisters hand in hand,
Link'd to a numerous frolic band,
With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the monarch of th' enchanted land!

IX.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Surrounded thus, the bard in transport lies;

The little loves, like bees
Clustring and climbing up his knees,
His brows with roses bind;
While fancy, wit, and humour, spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind;
Which turning soon, as soon brought forth
Not a tiny spurious birth,
But out a mountain came
A mountain of delight!
Laughter roar'd to see the sight,
And *Falstaff* was his name!
With sword and shield he puffing strides,
The joyous revel rout
Receive him with a shout,
And modest nature holds her sides;
No single pow'r the deed had done,
But great and small,
Wit, fancy, humour, whim, and jest,
The huge mis-shapen heap impress'd,

And,

And, lo!—Sir John!
A compound of 'em all,
A comic world in one!

X.

Sweet swan of Avon; Ever may thy stream
Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme;
Not Thames himself, who in his silver course
Triumphant rolls along
Britannia's riches, and his force,
Shall more harmonious flow in song.
Oh! had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore,
Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
And from their full and precious store
Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise;
Nor Greek nor Roman strains would flow along
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong;
Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal
The weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal,

XI.

Look down, blest spirit! from above,
With all thy wonted gentleness and love;
And as the wonders of thy pen
By heav'n inspir'd,
To virtue fir'd
The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men;
With no reproach, ev'n now, thou view'st thy work,
Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
To taint the mind of youth;
Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
And as thou giv'st it fame, that fame defend;
And may no sacrilegious hand
Near Avon's banks be found,
To dare to parcel out the land,
And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground;
For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
As broad, and gen'ral, as thy boundless mind.

XII.

XII.

Can British gratitude delay
To him, the glory of this isle,
To give the festive day,
The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
To him the first of poets, best of men!
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

No. XVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE SPLEEN; OR, ISLINGTON SPA.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

THO' prologues now, as blackberries, are plenty,
And like them mawkish too, nineteen in twenty;
Yet you will have them, when their date is o'er,
And prologue, prologue, still your honours roar;
Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on;
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none,
The prologue, author, speaker, all are dead and gone.

These

These reasons have some weight, and stop the rout;
You clap,—I smile,—and then go cringing out;
" While living, call me; for your pleasure use me;
" Should I tip off—I hope you'll then excuse me."

So much for prologues; and now enter farce;
Shall I a scene, I lately heard, rehearse?
The place, the park; the dramatis personæ,
Two female wits, with each a maccaroni.
Prithee, Lord Flimsey, what's this thing at Drury,
This *Spleen*?—'tis low, damn'd low, Ma'am, I assure ye;
C'est vrai mi Lor!—we now feel no such evil,
Never are haunted with a vapourish devil.
In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain;
You rattle it away with seven's the main!
In upper life we have no spleen, nor gall;
And as for lower life, it is no life at all!

What can I say in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.

May not a trader, who shall business drop,
Quitting at once his old accustom'd shop,
In fancy thro' a course of pleasure run,
Retiring to his seat at Islington?
And of false dreams of happiness brim-full,
Be at his villa miserably dull?
Would he not Islington's fine air forego,
Could he again be choak'd in Butcher-row?
In shewing cloth renew his former pleasure,
Surpass'd by none, but that of clipping measure?

The master of this shop * too seeks repose,
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, light'ning, and old cloathes.
Will he in rural shade find ease and quiet?
Oh! no; he'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in riot.

* This was the first public hint of Garrick's intention to retire from the Stage.

Nature

Nature of yore prevail'd thro' human kind;
To low and middle life she's now confin'd.
'Twas there the choicest dramatists have sought her;
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonson, Shakespeare,
caught her.
Then let our gleaning bard with safety come
To pick up straws dropt from their harvest home.

No. XIX.

No. XIX.

GARRICK's LETTER

TO HIS FRIEND

JESSE FOOT,

NOW OF DEAN STREET, SOHO.

To Jesse Foot, Esq. Salisbury Street.

DEAR SIR,

I SHALL obey your commands with great pleasure, but I am afraid my journey into Northamptonshire, to Lord Spencer's, which is only deferred on account of a slight attack of

of the gout, will prevent my reading your play till my return from thence.

I MUST desire you not to say any thing of my reading your piece, as I have refused to peruse many, which have been sent even by friends.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

Hampton,
Dec. 22, 1778.

No. XX.

No. XX.

THE following account of the infirmities of Mr. Garrick's constitution, for some months before his final dissolution, has been communicated by Mr. Fearon, of the Adelphi; a gentleman of known eminence in his profession. He had frequent opportunities, in the year 1778, of seeing Mr. Garrick, whose complaints were growing to a head, and required constant attendance. Mr. Fearon's narrative respecting the disease of the patient, and the symptoms that

that occurred from time to time, is in the following words;

"THE first symptom with which he was attacked was a sickness at his stomach, attended with repeated vomitings, and acute pain in the region of the loins, which was encreased on bending the body forwards, and extending down his thighs, with a frequent propensity to discharge his urine, in the passing of which he suffered considerable pain. His water stopped suddenly, and the most uneasy sensations continued for some time. He had likewise a discharge of mucus from the urethra, accompanied with straining and considerable torture. His pulse was low and quick, about 95, as is the case in hectic fevers; his tongue white; he was sometimes costive, and occasionally subject to a diarrhœa, which lasted for some

some days. These symptoms gave reason to suppose, that there was a stone in the bladder; It was accordingly proposed to examine him with the sound, in order to ascertain the fact; but Mr. Garrick was one of those, who have an unconquerable aversion to any instrument being passed into the bladder; he resisted all entreaties on the subject, declaring he would rather die than submit to it. To the foregoing complaints were added, during the last four months of his life, the usual symptoms attending hectic patients: his urine gradually diminished in quantity; and, for four days previous to his death, there was not a drop secreted.

"LEAVE being obtained to open the body, the viscera of the thorax and abdomen were perfectly free from the least appearance of disease.

disease. No stone was found in the bladder; but, on moving the peritoneum covering the kidneys, the coats of the left only remained, as a cyst full of pus; and not a vestige of the right could be found.

"FROM this account the young practitioner will see, that a disease of the kidneys may produce symptoms similar to those of a stone in the bladder; he will also be informed, that some patients will not submit to an instrument being passed into the urethra, and, by consequence, that the only means, whereby the fact may be ascertained, are entirely lost."

MR. MURPHY cannot dismiss this article, without expressing his thanks to Mr. Fearon for the obliging manner, in which he was pleased to communicate the above intelligence.

He

He thinks proper to add, that he saw Mr. Garrick, in the month of November 1778, at his villa at Hampton. He had then no reason to think he saw him for the last time. His spirits were as lively as ever. They walked together several turns in the garden: Mr. Garrick told two or three pleasant stories with such a degree of vivacity, that now, after reading Mr. Fearon's account of his inward frame, Mr. Murphy looks back with astonishment, to the gaiety of a man, who was in so desperate a state of health, and, in fact, so near his end.

I DECUS, I NOSTRUM!

No. XXI.

No. XXI.

EPITAPH

ON

GARRICK's MONUMENT.

To paint fair nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakespeare rose; then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er the "breathing world," a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to-day;

And, 'till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time;
Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars, shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

S. J. PRATT.

No. XXII.

No. XXII.

W. WHITEHEAD, Esq.

TO

Mr. GARRICK.

On old Parnassus, t'other day,
The muses met to sing and play;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragic and the comic queen,
Engaged perhaps in deep debate
On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate:
When on a sudden, news was brought,
That Garrick had the patent got;

And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-Lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed
They wish'd the project might succeed;
'Twas very possible; the case
Was likely too, and had a face.
A face! Thalia titt'ring cried,
And could her joy no longer hide:
Why, sister, all the world may see,
How much this makes for you and me:
No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows;
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a mean support.
No more the poor polluted scène
Shall teem with births of Harlequin;
No more the injur'd stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel:
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To opera's now;—they'll want them there!

For Sadler's Wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.
Po!—you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Replied, and smil'd; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe.
For my part I shall be content,
If things succeed as they are meant;
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind:
And, say Thalia, mayn't we hope
The stage may take a larger scope?
Shall he, whose all-expressive pow'rs
Can reach the height which Shakespeare soars,
Descend to touch a lower key,
And tickle ears with poetry?
Where ev'ry tear is taught to flow
Thro' many a line's melodious woe?
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
Are fritter'd into similies?

O thou! whom nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but nature hence!
See! to thy aid, with streaming eyes,
The fair, afflicted *Constance* * flies;
Now, wild as winds, in madness tears
Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;
Or love on earth disdains relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief!
My Pritchard too, in *Hamlet's Queen*—
The goddess of the sportive scene
Here stopp'd her short, and with a sneer,
My Pritchard, if you please my dear!
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress;

* Mrs. Cibber, in the character of *Lady Constance*, in *King John*.

Behold

Behold her there, with native ease,
And native spirit born to please;
With all *Maria's* charms engage,
Or *Milward's* rants, or *Touchwood's* rage;
Through ev'ry foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
To chant, in forests unconfin'd,
The wilder notes of *Rosalind.*
O thou! where ere thou fix thy praise,
Brute, Drugger, Fribble, Ranger; Bayes!
O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh!
So shall buffoons with shame repair,
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair;
And real humour charm the age,
Though *Falstaff* should forsake the stage.

She spoke: *Melpomene* replied,
And much was said on either side;

And many a chief and many a fair
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say:
However, Garrick, this at least
Appears a truth by both confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care;
A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps, a nation's virtue too!

O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise!
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But ev'ry young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts living there;
And ev'ry unexperienc'd breast
There feel its' own rude hints express'd;

And waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite,
A few short hints will guide you right:
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor ere descend from reason's laws
To court, what you command, applause.

No. XXIV.

No. XXIV.

A MONODY,

By R. B. SHERIDAN, *Esq.*

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GARRICK,

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here;
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled suff'rers, and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein,

Ere

Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret, one tributary line?

His fame requires we act a tend'rer part;
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd, as their dead favourite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last;
While Shakespeare's image, from it's hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise,—so much his due,
As on this spot one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts, which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!

To him, whose magic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise!
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
Ev'n beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and tim'rous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once atchiev'd, the barb'rous wrecks o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay it's glories low;
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artists' name,
Demands his honours, and assists his fame.

Superior

Superior hopes the poets' bosom fire;
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as aspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his vot'ry's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse,
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin-tear.

Such is their meed; their honours thus secure,
Whose hearts yield objects, and whose works endure;
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard;

By

By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
Ev'n matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its' own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, deck'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentler eloquence,

All

All perishable!—like the electric fire
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear;
It's fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the best memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis your's.

And oh! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd,
To sooth your cares!—by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder, which his accents drew,
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with sad delight!

Still

Still in your heart's dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame:
To you it is bequeath'd; assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!
O lovliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As fancy oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb;
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;

With

With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rend dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

No. XXV.

ODE

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. PELHAM,

ON THE 6th OF MARCH, 1754.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

LET others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that, whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night;
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,
Made peaceful nature round us smile,
With calm but chearful light.

No

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays;
From real grief they flow:
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears;
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

See, as you pass the crowded street,
Despondence clouds each face you meet;
All their lost friend deplore:
You read in ev'ry pensive eye,
You hear in ev'ry broken sigh,
That Pelham is no more!

If thus each Briton is alarm'd,
Whom but his distant influence warm'd;
What grief their breast must rend,
Who, in his private virtue's bless'd,
By nature's dearest ties possess'd
The husband, father, friend!

What mute ye bards?—no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse?
To crown the good and just?
Your flow'rs in warmer regions bloom,
You seek no pensions from the tomb,
No laurels from the dust.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The sons of flatt'ry fled from death;
Such insects swarm at noon:
Not for herself my muse is griev'd;
She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd
One ministerial boon.

Has some peculiar strange offence
Against us arm'd omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride?
Behold th' appointed punishment!
At length the vengeful bolt is sent;
It fell when Pelham died!

Uncheck'd

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
When vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can sleep no more;
The evil angel stalks at large,
The good submits, resigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn to church and state
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n;
Black as the whirlwind of the north,
St. John's fell * genius issued forth,
And Pelham fled to heav'n!

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs
Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours;
Nor guilt nor pain they knew;
But on the day, which usher'd in
The hell-born train of mortal sin,
The heav'nly guards withdrew.

* Lord Bolingbroke's Works were published on the day that Mr. Pelham died.

Look down, much honour'd shade! below,
Still let thy pity aid our woe:
Stretch forth thy healing hand!
Resume those feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And sav'd a sinking land.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,
The breasts of all thy friends; descry
What there has got possession;
See if thy unsuspecting heart,
In some for truth mistook not art,
For principle, profession.

From these, the pests of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent king:
Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honours share,
Once more exert thy guardian care;
Each venom'd heart disclose:
On him, on him, our all depends;
Oh! save him from his treach'rous friends;
He cannot fear his foes!

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,
Still let thy prudence be his guide,
To stem the troubled wave;
But chiefly whisper in his ear,
"That George is open, just, sincere,
"And dares to scorn a knave!"

No selfish views t' oppress mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchase fame with blood:
Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat,
Convinc'd that to be truly great,
Is only to be good!

To hear no lawless passion's call,
To serve thy king, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wisdom with gen'rous love took part;
Together work'd thy head and heart,
The minister and man!

Unite ye kindred sons of worth;
Strangle bold faction in it's birth,
Be Britain's weal your view;
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue sink each fair design,
And Pelham live in you.

No. XXVI.

No. XXVI.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY GARRICK, JUNE 4th. 1761,

ON CLOSING THE SEASON.

WHILE all is feasting, mirth, illumination,
And but one wish goes thro' this happy nation;
While songs of triumph mark the golden time,
Accept, for once, our grateful thanks in rhyme;
In plain, but honest language, void of art;
Simplicity's the rhetoric of the heart.

We

We shun poetic ornaments, we scorn 'em;
Your bounties want no fiction to adorn 'em;
Tho' in continual streams your favours flow'd,
We still have ask'd, and you have still bestow'd;
Have granted each petition o'er and o'er,
Yet we, like other beggars, ask for more.
What can we ask, blest with such favours past?
This only,—that those favours still may last.

May this day's joy return with many a year,
And, when it comes, with added joy, appear!
May arts and science reach the topmost heights,
And ev'ry muse prepare for nobler flights!
May ev'ry blessing ev'ry hour encrease,
And all be crown'd with that chief blessing, peace!
May he, that Briton born *, who glads all hearts,
Who to this land unbounded love imparts,

* Alluding to his Majesty's words in his first speech to his Parliament, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the "name of Briton."

Unites

Unites each party, ev'ry heart befriends,
And ev'n to this poor spot a smile extends;
May he in fame our warmest hopes out-run
And you in happiness, for both are one!
O may the summer answer to the spring,
And that it may, good heav'n—Long live the King.

No. XXVII.

No. XXVII.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. GARRICK.

BY A LADY.

The last sad rites were done; the sacred ground
Was clos'd, and Garrick's dust to dust return'd;
In life, in death, with gen'ral honours crown'd;
A nation own'd his worth, applauded, mourn'd.

For

For who, like him, could ev'ry sense controul,
To Shakespeare's self new charms, new force impart?
Bid unknown horrors shake the firmest soul,
And unknown feelings melt the hardest heart?

Oft, when his eye, with more than magic pow'r,
Gave life to thoughts, which words could ne'er reveal,
The voice of praise awhile was heard no more;
All gaz'd in silence, and could only feel!

Each thought suspended in a gen'ral pause,
All shar'd his passions, and forgot their own;
Till rouz'd, in thunders of applause,
Th' accordant dictates of each heart were known.

Oh! lost for ever to our wond'ring view!
Yet faithful memory shall preserve thy name;
Ev'n distant times thy honours shall renew,
And Garrick still shall share his Shakespeare's fame.

Thus

Thus musing thro' the lonely isle I stray'd,
Recall'd the wonders of his matchless pow'rs,
And many a former scene in thought survey'd,
While all unheeded pass'd the silent hours.

With mournful awe I trod the sacred stones,
Where kings and heroes sleep in long repose;
And trophies, mould'ring o'er the warrior's bones,
Proclaim how frail the life, which fame bestows.

Now sunk the last faint gleam of closing day,
Each form was lost, and hush'd was ev'ry sound;
All, all was silent as the sleeping clay,
And darkness spread her sable veil around.

At once, methought, a more than midnight gloom
With death-like horror chill'd my throbbing breast;
When lo! a voice deep murm'ring from the tomb
These awful accents on my soul impress'd.

"Vain

" Vain are the glories of a nation's praise;
" The boast of wit, the pride of genius vain;
" A long, long night succeeds the transient blaze,
" Where darkness, solitude, and silence reign!

" The shouts of loud applause, which thousands gave,
" On me nor pride nor pleasure more bestow;
" Like the chill blast that murmurs o'er my grave,
" They pass away, nor reach the dust below.

" One virtuous deed, to all the world unknown,
" Outweighs the highest bliss which these can give;
" Can chear the soul, when youth and strength are " flown,
" In sickness triumph, and in death survive.

" What tho' to thee, in life's remotest sphere,
" Nor nature's gifts, nor fortune's are consign'd,
" Let brightest prospects to thy soul appear,
" And hopes immortal elevate thy mind.

" The

" The sculptur'd marble shall dissolve in dust,
" And fame, and health, and honours, pass away;
" Not such the triumphs of the good and just,
" Not such the glories of eternal day.

" These, these shall live, when ages are no more,
" With never fading lustre still shall shine!—
" Go then, to heav'n devote thy utmost pow'r,
" And know—whoe'er thou art,—the prize is thine.

No. XXVIII.

No. XXVIII.

FROM Mr. Dance's picture an excellent mezzotinto print was engraved, and Garrick sent it to his select friends, with the following lines pasted on the back.

THE mimic form on t'other side
That you accepted is my pride;
One it presents so prompt to change,
And through each mortal whim to range,
You'd swear, the lute's so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends, be this his fame!
His heart's eternally the same.

Mr. Caleb Whiteford, being for his many amiable qualities highly esteemed by Mr. Garrick, received a similar present, and acknowledged the favour in the following lines.

Garrick, whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me.
Well pleas'd I view thy counterpart,
And highly praise the painter's art.
Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit;
That piercing eye, that speaking face,
That form compos'd of ease and grace:
All this I feel; could feelings do,
I then should be a painter too;
I should draw Garrick, and perchance
Produce a work to rival Dance.

But,

But, Garrick, sure thou need'st not send,
A gift of this sort to thy friend,
As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee:
Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humour, sterling wit?
No, Garrick; he must surely find
Deeply imprinted on his mind,
In such warm tints, thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

THE

WILL

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

I DAVID GARRICK of the Adelphi, and of Hampton, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, do make, publish, and declare, this to be my last will and testament, as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John

John Patterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk Street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the out-houses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and grounds thereunto belonging, or therewith now by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, togethe with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakespeare; and also all that my dwelling-house in the Adelphi, with the appurtenances; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease (of which an inventory shall be taken) TO hold to the said Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis; their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife

Eva Maria Garrick, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the houses and premises in good repair, and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents and out-goings for the same. I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver-plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit: and also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors: I give to my said wife the further sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid to her twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds per centum: and I also give to

to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick, one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, controul, or intermeddling of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipt alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees hereinafter named. It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the Adelphi her chief places of residence; but if she shall leave England, and reside beyond Sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case (which I hope will not happen), but in that case, I revoke, and make void all the divises and bequests to her, or for her use hereinbefore-mentioned,

which shall, on such event, become due, and payable to her, and instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity of one thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given to her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of the sum of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein-mentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be intitled to out of my real estates. And I further declare it to be my express condition, annexed to the said

said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that if she shall not, within three calendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds, mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests to her, or for her benefit hereinbefore-mentioned, shall become null and void, and the annuities herein given to her shall sink into, and become part of my estate. And from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination, or forfeiture of her interest in the premises, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, and survivor, or the heirs, executors, or administrators of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and

and convey my said houses, gardens, and lands, at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, and the pictures, household goods, and furniture, hereinbefore given (except the statue of Shakespeare) by public or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts, and for the purposes hereinafter-mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of my nephew David Garrick, of Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands, in the parish of Hampton (except those given to or for the use of my wife), unto and to the use of my said nephew David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, with

with the advowson of the church of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, unto the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust to sell, dispose of, and convey the same, together or in parcels, by public or private, or in one or more sale or sales, and the clear money arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expences attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security at interest in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereinafter-mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death) and all my collection of old English

English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the public. I give all the rest of my books, of what kind soever (except such as my wife shall chuse, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her) unto my nephew Carrington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury-Lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage and out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay

pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds, and five thousand pounds to my wife, and the residue to be placed in their names in government or real security at interest upon trust; that they the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns, of such survivor shall, and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceed thereof, or a competent part thereof, from time to time, pay or cause to be paid to my wife, Eva Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, hereinbefore given to her during her natural life as aforesaid, and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which the same shall be vested shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or

one

one thousand pounds, as the case may happen to my wife, during her life as aforesaid; and in case any such securities so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provision may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other payment, legacy, or bequest whatsoever. And, I give to my brother George Garrick, the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, besides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of the sum of six thousand pounds, part of my

my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw, shall notwithstanding her present or future coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses direct or appoint: and in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catherine Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at her age of twenty-one years, or day of marriage, with interest, at the rate of four pounds per centum, per annum. I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum

sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain, after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities aforesaid: and if there shall not be sufficient to answer and pay all the said last-mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund, for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full, provided always, that, if any one or two of my trustees shall happen to die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed, shall be fully and completely executed and finished; then and in such case, the

survivors

survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and convey such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall there remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors or survivor; and one or two other trustees as the case may happen to be named by the survivors or survivor, and as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so as that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, hereinbefore declared and appointed, provided also, that it shall be lawful for my said trustees and every of them, and all future

trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves out of the trust estate, from time to time, all such costs, charges, and expences, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto, or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or for more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy; and in case, after the payment of all the said legacies, bequests, and expences, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare

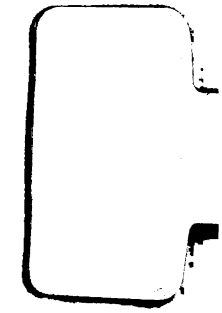
to

to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made. In witness whereof, I the said David Garrick, have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator David Garrick, *as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence, and in presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto,*

PALMERSTON,
SOPHIA RICKETTS,
GEORGE POYNTZ RICKETTS.

FINIS.

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